THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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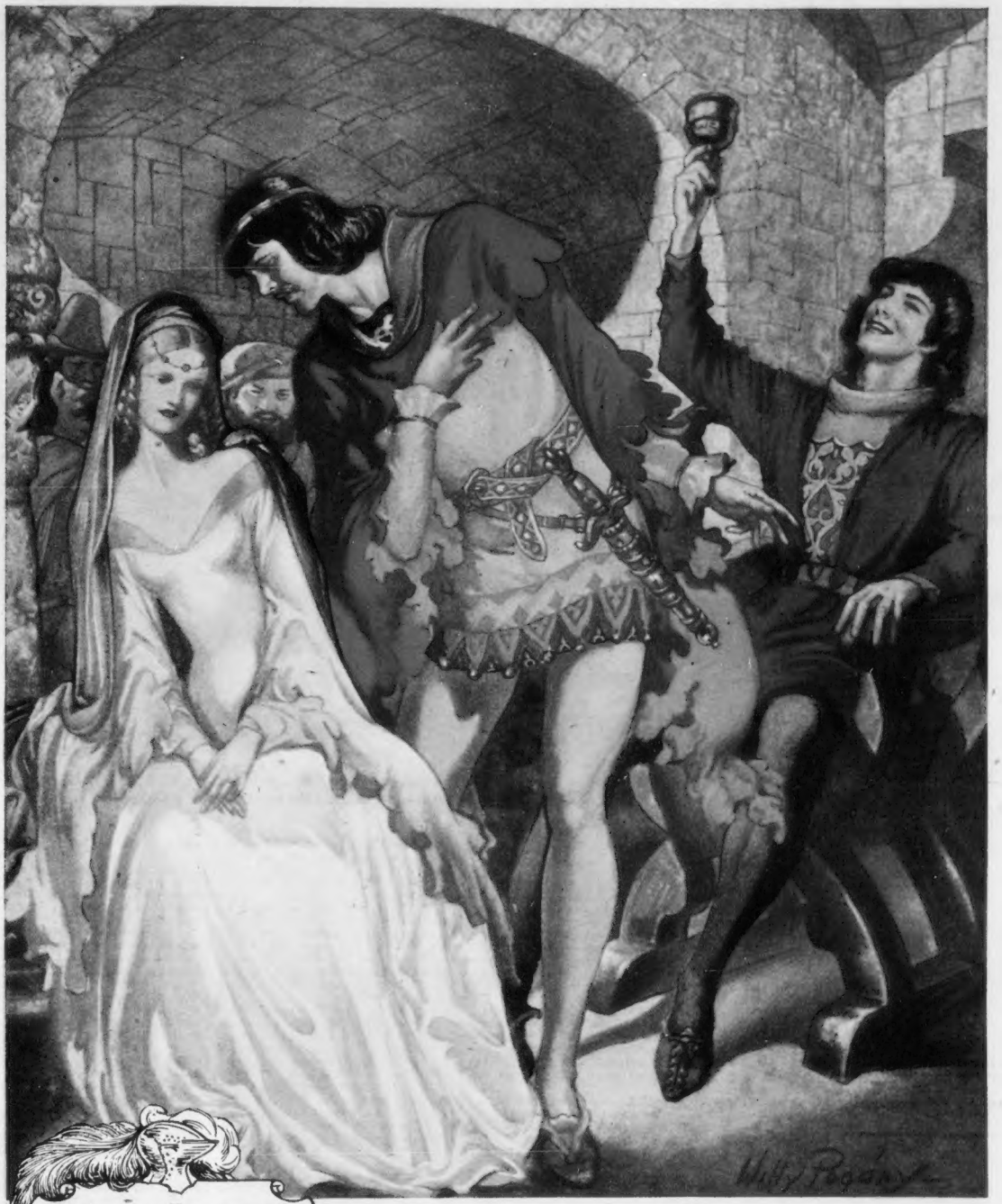
Week of Nov. 9, 1947

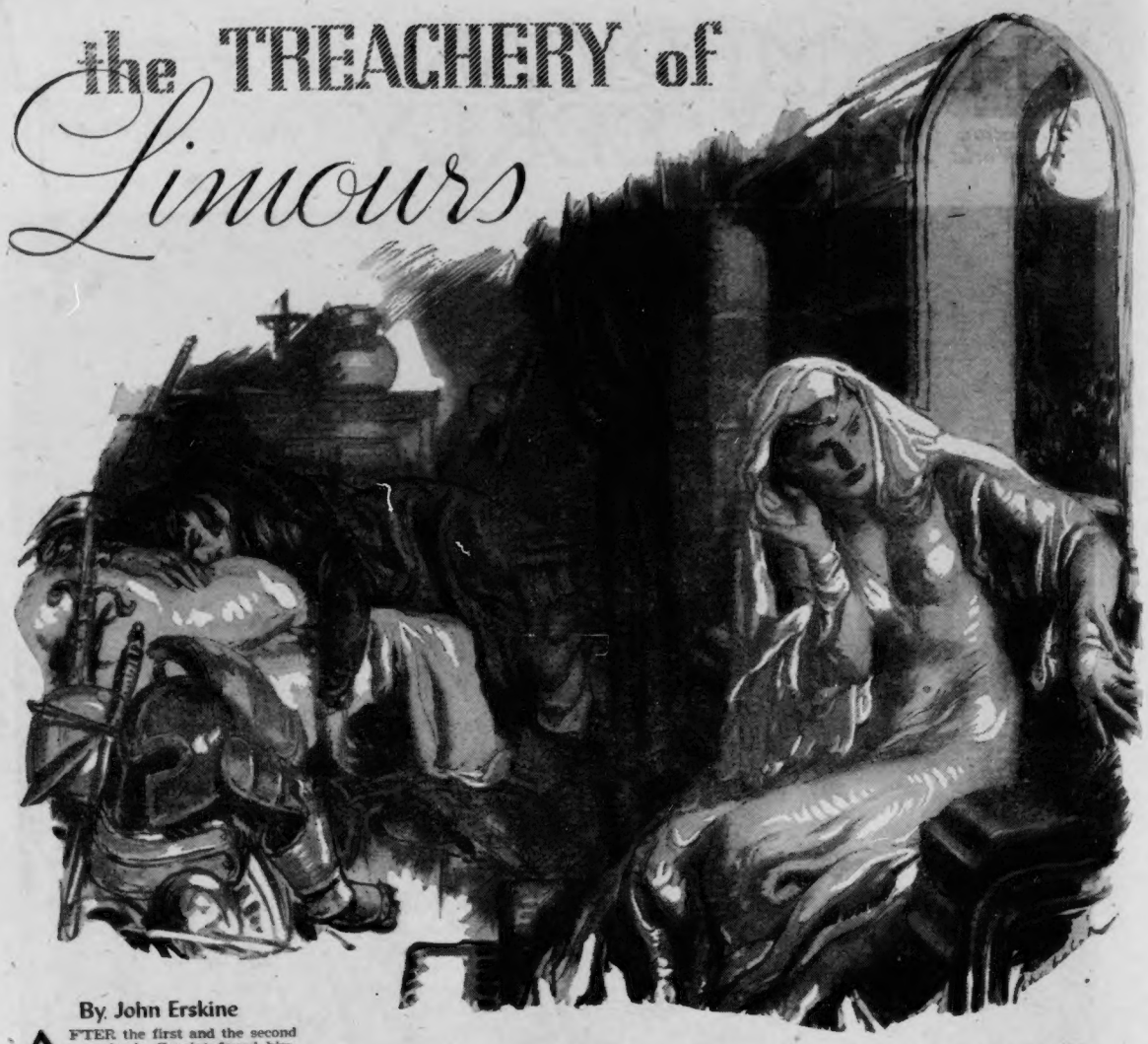


Enchanting Romance of King Arthur's Court
Told by John Erskine On Next Page

Geraint and Enid

Painting by Willy Pogany

the TREACHERY of Limours



By John Erskine

After Piling Geraint's Armor Where He Could Reach It Quickly, Enid Sat Through the Night Watching Him and Listening for the Sound of Hoofbeats.

AFTER the first and the second ambush, Geraint found himself with six horses and six suits of armor. There had been two sets of robbers, three in each group.

Enid was charged with driving this cavalcade through the woods. Had they followed the open road in the hot sun, it would have been easier, or if the horses had recently been handled by well-bred knights, who knew how to treat a fine horse, but the robbers had ruined the animals by heavy-handed driving.

If Enid had had them in charge a little longer, she might have reformed the beasts.

We may not at first understand why Geraint needed so large a stable—not unless we recall that in an impulse of pride or idealism or whatnot, he had thrown away the large bag of money with which he began his quest.

Now he must purchase food and lodging only by barter, and he always must look for a landlord who needed a good horse and a suit of mail.

It was a fine day, rather hot. Since their brief adventures so far had included two mortal fights with highwaymen, Geraint was faint with hunger, and so of course was Enid.

As far as they could, they clung to the green shade of the forest, but the shade, however cool, did not feed them.

The woodland road bent around a meadow where a group of mowers were cutting hay.

Near by was a little town, reached by a rocky pathway, and down the path a boy came with a basket of food for the mowers. Seeing the food, Geraint called, "Let her eat. She is faint." By which it appears he was rather hungry himself.

"Willingly," replied the boy. "Won't you also have some of this food? I'll run back to town and get a fresh supply."

So he disappeared up the rocky path, and the hungry mowers looked on with anything but pleasure while Enid nibbled a bit of the lunch intended for them, and Geraint consumed all the rest of it.

When the boy returned with the second supply, Geraint rewarded him magnificently with a war horse and a suit of armor. What advantage this was to the boy, does not appear, but Enid's difficult team was reduced to five.

If Geraint had not stopped him, the boy would have told the Earl who owned the town what an open-handed guest had arrived in their hayfield.

But Geraint, not wishing to risk an unknown landlord, asked for a plain room where he and Enid could rest.

There must also be stabling for the horses, though how the bill would be paid, he did not say.

Then Geraint and Enid rested a while in the same room, though he still forbade her to speak to him. At last they were aroused by a sudden bedlam.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

The Earl of Limours, lord of the district, having been told of their presence after all, had come to look for them with a band of noisy men and women.

The Earl had been a suitor of Enid before she had married Geraint. Not being a sensitive person, he was delighted to meet her again, whether or not she had a husband, and he noticed with satisfaction that she sat in one corner of the room and did not seem happy.

Geraint, on the other hand, made an effort to entertain these unwanted guests. Why he did so, is not clear. He ordered up wine and food in quantity, and everyone except Enid was before long in high spirits.

Then Limours crossed the room and spoke to Geraint. "Have I your permission to address your wife? She looks lonely."

Geraint replied in a strange speech. "Make her talk if you can. She won't speak to me."

Since her silence had been imposed by himself, this speech of Geraint seems strange. It is not in the Welsh original. It seems to have been a happy thought of the English poet. Did he wish to indicate that Geraint was ashamed of himself for forbidding his wife to talk to him?

Limours went over to Enid, bowed low, and whispered to her. His heart, he said, had never changed; for him she was the one woman.

Though he was now in power, he wished her to give herself of her free will. He once thought she cared for him; if now she realized that marriage with Geraint was a mistake, she had only to say so.

One signal to his men and they would take care of Geraint—nothing violent of course, but he would give no more trouble.

Enid thought it best to play for time. She was over-tired; if the Earl would leave her in peace for that one night, she would be glad to meet him in the morning.

In fact, she suggested that he bring his men along with him and snatch her from Geraint.

Pleased with the idea, Limours said a loud friendly good-night to Geraint, and Geraint said a loud and friendly good-night to him. But as usual Geraint said nothing to Enid, not being jealous the one time he should have been.

When the Earl and his people had ridden out of the inn-yard, the house quieted down, and Geraint fell asleep. But Enid piled all his armor in one place, where he could reach it quickly.

Through the night she sat watching him, busy with her sad thoughts, and listening for the dawn and the sound of hoofbeats coming down the road.

Next week—Enid's Vow.

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!

SURE, HORSES LOVE ME—BUT MEN DON'T! AND NO WONDER WITH THIS DULL, DINGY COMPLEXION OF MINE!
I WAS JUST AS DISCOURAGED AS YOU, JUNE, UNTIL I TRIED THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN!

TRULY, KATE? IS THAT WHAT MADE YOUR COMPLEXION SO MUCH SMOOTHER LOOKING?
IT SURE IS! YOU KNOW, 36 DOCTORS... LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS...TESTED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3...IN JUST 14 DAYS!

HERE'S A TIP ON WHAT TO DO—MAKE THE PALMOLIVE PLAN GO TO WORK FOR YOU!
A WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
C DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

Less Oily.....
Smoother, Younger looking...
Less Coarse-looking.....
Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
Less Incipient Blackheads.....
Fresher.....
Brighter, Clearer Color.....

P.S. FOR TUB AND SHOWER, GET THE NEW, BIG, THRIFTY BATH SIZE PALMOLIVE—ENJOY PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER ALL OVER!
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

No soap scum, no soap-fading with this great NEW Colgate-Palmolive-Peet SUDS

VEL* keeps stockings sheerer-looking...lovelier than finest soap flakes!

You'll wear stockings longer when you wash them with Vel; for this new Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds keeps them sheerer-looking, clearer colored, and lovelier longer than soap possibly can. Vel leaves no soap scum clinging to and coarsening stocking threads. Does away with soap-fading! Actual tests prove that many delicate washable colors stay bright and true up to ten times as long with Vel as with soap.

VEL cuts dishwashing time in half!

Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away; so dishes and glassware dry sparkling clear without wiping! (You just wash and rinse!) Vel cuts grease faster, more completely than soap. Leaves no dishpan ring to scrub out! Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap; saves up to half your dishwashing time!

*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

Milder to Hands than soap! Actual skin tests made by an independent laboratory (name furnished on request) prove that Vel is milder to hands than any other leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics.

Should a Woman Tell Her Age

By Mrs. Glenn Frank

The Art of Husband-Getting May Lead an Otherwise Truthful Bride-to-Be to Lop a Few Years Off Her Age.

"I'LL put 46 in the record. Now confidentially, tell me your real age for my private information."

The physician-in-charge of a nationally known health farm was speaking. I had just arrived in search of help to recover from tragedy.

The doctor's inference that I was lying about my age brought no resentment. I was lying. When he asked me, the thought came that probably no guest there had stuck to facts on the subject and why should I?

If I should tell my right age, no one would believe me. No woman expects another woman to tell the truth about her age and no man expects her to, either.

What the doctor never knew was that even when I whispered my age to him in confidence I had subtracted one year. Why? Just the woman of it, I guess. Of this I am certain: Many of my sex, otherwise highly ethical, lie about their age.

And lie under the most extraordinary circumstances!

A famous oculist, one time President of the American Academy of Ophthalmology, said it took one patient six years to advance from her 39th to her 40th birthday.

Eva Braun with death only a matter of hours, perhaps only of minutes, about to marry Hitler in the bomb-rocked Chancellery at Berlin gave her age as 33; it was 35.

An executive of a large trust company told me of one woman, who, in purchasing an annuity, subtracted substantially from her years, though well aware that the premiums would be increased thereby.

After her death, her executors proved she had paid excess premiums of $6,000 and collected this amount.

It has been argued that women lie about their age for economic reasons. Certainly it could not be said that these women lied for such reasons.

Authors who are read and not necessarily seen have no economic reason to misrepresent their age.

The employment manager of a famous Chicago store which is inaugurating a pension system said "Many of our women employes have lied about their age and now want to make corrections. They have no birth certificates. It is difficult to get affidavits of their birth dates. The result is utter confusion."

"Was it necessary for them to misrepresent their age to keep their jobs?" I asked.

"Emphatically no," she answered. "An efficient woman can hold her position until retirement age. I'd never misrepresent my age to the store. If I do my work well, I'm secure. But I'd like to be married. If I thought taking off a few years would get me a husband, I'd be tempted."

There is the answer to this quest for youth and fear of age!

The primary urge of every normal woman is to get and keep a husband. She wants to love and be loved and have children. For this a woman will fight any hazard with every available weapon. The hazard every woman fears is age.

But what about the unmarried women who have passed the marrying age? Why do they continue the efforts to deceive?

The answer is that a habit of many years becomes reflex action.

Are women justified in lying about their age?

"No!" says the famous specialist. "Women come to me seeking protection for their most precious possession, eyesight. Can't they understand that for accurate diagnosis I must know their correct age?"

"No!" says the trust company official, "Why should a woman give up $6,000 to lie about her age?"

In fact he was bitter on the subject. "From long experience," he said, "I don't believe any woman tells the truth about her age. The other evening I heard my wife taking off a few years. Right in my presence and she knows I know her age as well as I know my own."

But there's something to be said on the other side.

We still hear the old saw "Fair, fat and 40." As if 40 were the inevitable deadline for attractiveness.

Why then should a woman who has, by proper diet and exercise, kept as slim as her sister of 20 and by mental activity has kept as alert as her college-age children, admit she is 40?

Every intelligent woman knows that, if she makes the most of her opportunities, maturity brings an attractiveness youth can't have.

But she is age-conscious about herself. She thinks her husband and children are age-conscious about her.

Therefore, despite all her success in preserving and acquiring charm, she regards mounting birthdays as a cloud obscuring her attractiveness. And so she refuses to admit birthdays. Maybe she's right.

The other evening at a newsreel theatre the picture of a famous American business woman was thrown on the screen.

I overheard a man, sitting back of me, say "Gosh, how has a woman so young built up such a terrific business? She can't be over 42."

She did look lovely. Her years of self-discipline showed results.

But, I wonder what the effect on the man would have been, if I had turned around to say "Add 20 years and you'll be nearer right."

In a Midwest city, one of America's leading actresses was playing the part of a young girl. After the opening performance, a critic praised the star's beauty, svelte figure, charm, flawless acting and her suitability for the part. And the critic added that it was unbelievable the star could be 48, despite theatrical records which proved she was.

The play had a standing-room-only engagement. During its stay, I frequently heard groups discussing the star's brilliant performance and invariably someone would say "Isn't it remarkable that a woman of 48 can give the illusion of girlhood?"

Those cold figures had done something to glamour. But they couldn't lessen her charm which filled the house every night.

The other afternoon a mother and son came in from the tennis court.

She looked too young to be the mother of a 19-year-old son.

"You look like brother and sister," I said.

"I wish I knew mother's age," the boy said.

"I'll tell you my age," volunteered the mother. "I'm just as old as I seem to you."

Mrs. Glenn Frank is the widow of the famous "boy president" of the University of Wisconsin, who was killed with his son in an automobile accident in 1940 on the election eve of his first campaign for public office—senator from Wisconsin. Through close association with her husband in his varied career which included magazine editing, writing, authoring, political advising and teaching—she had opportunity to formulate a few ideas of her own.

'I was an alcoholic'

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH WHITNEY

By Paul I. Murphy

"I WAS an alcoholic. I had nothing to live for. My self-confidence was gone. People shunned me. Even my husband—who loved me as much as any man could love a woman—wanted a divorce. Yes, I had hit bottom. I wanted to die."

This is the confession of Boston socialite Elizabeth D. Whitney, who gained fame as a national archery champion, and afterwards was a hopeless alcoholic for 15 years.

Yet today—at 41—this beautiful, dynamic brunette has made a remarkable recovery and is setting an example for chronic alcoholics who are following her road back to abstinence.

A steady stream of desperate addicts regularly file into her office at 419 Boylston St., Boston. There, as executive secretary of the Boston Committee for Education on Alcoholism, she uses the pitfalls of her life, together with knowledge learned at the Yale School of Alcohol Studies, to rescue others from the disease.

A living example of the program she suggests, courageous Elizabeth Whitney hasn't touched a drop of liquor in more than four years.

"There Is Only One Way to Give Up Liquor. If You Promise Every Day Not to Drink for 24 Hours, Eventually You'll Become Immunized."

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

"Alcoholics are desperately sick people," she explains. "They need understanding and help. It is useless to say, 'Use your will power.'

"People are so cold when you are down. They don't realize that alcoholism is just as much of a disease as is cancer, tuberculosis, or any illness. Ignorance makes the alcoholic all the worse. Condemning him only increases his problem."

That is where the Boston Committee comes in. Mrs. Whitney's program is simple.

When an alcoholic comes for help, he usually bares everything to her after she gains his confidence.

"They all want to know how I won my battle," she says. "The answer is that the alcoholic must stop drinking, or he will always drink too much. We educate them to the reality that alcoholism is a disease, and that the addict is a sick person."

Then, since an alcoholic fully understands the disease, Elizabeth is professionally equipped to suggest some method of treatment. In many instances, she recommends enrollment in Alcoholics Anonymous.

Fifteen-year-old Elizabeth Whitney was attending a teen-age party at the home of a Virginia high school co-ed when she had her first taste of liquor.

Alcohol became her companion. "But always I was sure that I could hold my liquor," she says.

Her road to national sporting fame began one winter afternoon while vacationing in Tampa, Florida. Friends equipped with bows and arrows invited her to shoot fish from their yacht. Inexperienced Elizabeth did surprisingly well. Intrigued, she developed her skill.

At 18 she sought national laurels playing in the National Tournament at Philadelphia, and won a Sesquicentennial Sports Medal. She toured the country pioneering in archery. Soon she was helping to open a chain of ranges and was sharing profits on a partnership basis. At 23, she had amassed a small fortune.

Her partners warned her against excessive drinking. But she laughed.

After winning a national women's archery title, colleges asked her to introduce the game to their students.

"When prohibition was enforced, I was drinking native corn liquor bought by the gallon," she confesses. Elizabeth was 25 then.

She met socially prominent Mr. Whitney of Boston on a winter vacation in Pinehurst, N. C. Their romance began after she had introduced him to archery.

"When he asked me to marry him he knew I was drinking to excess. He thought that marriage would cure me. But it never does."

They were married in Boston at one of the most fashionable socialite weddings of the 1931 season. Elizabeth had retired from the sports world and had sold her holdings in archery ranges.

The change-over from professional activity to the quiet life of a Boston society matron caused an uncontrollable conflict within her.

"I wanted to run away from everything. So I lost myself in drink."

Against her will, her husband called in a psychiatrist. She was treated for several weeks, but failed to respond.

Finally, in desperation, physician and husband decided to commit her to a mental institution. She was reeling with liquor as she defied them to take her from the house.

Her psychiatrist persuaded her to drink some liquor containing a strong sedative, and she became unconscious. The next week she escaped from the hospital and came home drunk. Once they managed to hospitalize her for six months, during which several so-called cures were tried. She came home, promising to refrain from alcohol. A week later she was worse than ever.

Then she met an ex-alcoholic, who told how she had licked the disease. "There's only one way to give up liquor," the woman advised. "If you make a promise every day not to drink for 24 hours, you'll get used to getting along without it."

In desperation, Elizabeth tried the idea. It worked. "I found out that it is possible to live without the stuff," she confesses. "It wasn't easy. I had to accept the fact that only through complete abstinence could I recover; that I was one of a multitude of Americans who had lost control over alcohol."

She then formed a committee to provide education on alcoholism in New England.

Her courage and faith reborn, Elizabeth Whitney succeeded in recruiting physicians, educators, judges and clergymen to comprise the sponsoring committee of her organization, which is pledged to accept any alcoholic seeking its aid and to provide free professional counsel.

Heartbreaks OF Society

SYDNEY ERSKINE BREWSTER, blue blooded veteran of World War I, gave his necktie a final, reassuring pat and began transferring his keys, change and wallet from his business suit to the semi-formal attire more in keeping with dinner at "The Birches."

Hundreds of the Long Island set would have welcomed the invitation from his socially important mother, Mrs. Samuel Dwight Brewster, to spend the June evening at "The Birches" but the prospect wasn't pleasing to "Syd" Brewster.

As a matter of fact, nothing pleased him any more, he conceded as he fingered his wallet. From a compartment in the leather container he removed several scraps of paper and fitted them in a pattern on the dresser top.

The letter was to his wife, the former Frances Tracy Lyon, and it was signed "Rod." Sydney Brewster frowned and then scowled as he read the endearing terms. His face distorted, he straightened up and called out:

"Are you ready, Tracy?"

"In a minute, Syd." Her voice came back from her dressing room in the little white lie all wives use while completing their toilette.

Brewster slipped the wallet with the torn letter into his pocket, picked up his heavy revolver, and went to join his beautiful wife of three years—to join her in a dual tragedy that rocked New York and Long Island society and set a hundred tongues wagging the chorus:

"I told you so! I was sure it would happen!"

Fate began weaving a tragic web around the couple several years before they met.

Syd Brewster, shot down in his plane by German artillery, came home from World War I a highly nervous, intense and disillusioned young-old man. He turned his well tailored back on the youthful frivolities of the post-war age and shied away from the "glamour debs" of the period.

He was looking for the one romance that would suffice for a lifetime; a woman with the poise and stability to counterbalance his moodiness and intensity.

As the son of Mrs. Samuel Dwight Brewster,

Tracy Heard Him Step Into Her Dressing Room. She Looked in the Mirror and Froze With Terror When She Saw His Reflection.

Illustrated by HARRY FREDMAN

Jealousy on LONG ISLAND

wealthy widow who was firmly ensconced in the upper bracket of society, he had plenty of opportunity to survey the daughters of New York's "400." There were dances and dinners at his mother's mansion on Park avenue and at "The Birches" near Glen Cove, Long Island. But Syd Brewster stayed on the sidelines, uninterested—until Frances Tracy Lyon appeared on the scene.

The pretty young girl from Oswego, N. Y., was no stranger to the New York society stage. Her sister, Anne, had married Sherman Post Haight of the Social Register. The Junior Set, especially the men, welcomed Frances with open arms—figuratively and literally speaking, as attested by her popularity with the "stag line" at every dance.

Syd Brewster deserted the stag line after his first dance with "Tracy," as her friends were privileged to call her. He launched on a campaign of courtship as intense as his pursuit of German fighting planes had been.

HE HAD everything to offer her where wealth and position were concerned, and he was good looking when a smile erased the furrows that frowns had made on his features since the war.

But Tracy Lyon demurred, for understandable reasons.

For one thing, she had plenty of suitors and plenty of time in which to enjoy her freedom before making her selection.

And then there was her "career" at a time—the early 1920s—when few young ladies had such things. Tracy Lyon's career was the envy of her girl friends because she was secretary to Sidney Howard, the famous playwright.

In that capacity she met, and talked to, matinee idols whose very glance was enough to make a susceptible girl swoon. Tracy wasn't given to swooning, but she couldn't help making comparisons—and Syd Brewster didn't stack up too favorably.

He was direct, instead of being suave. He had an intense air, instead of simulated boredom. He was given to brooding, instead of disguising his feelings with chit-chat of things musical and theatrical.

In short, he wasn't the "ideal lover" of Tracy Lyon's dreams. Had she been the typical career woman, she might have dismissed him. But Tracy, was susceptible where young-old Brewster was concerned; she became convinced that he needed her.

Syd's mother felt the same way. Tracy Lyon represented the serene anchorage her son had been seeking. Mrs. Samuel Dwight Brewster gave her blessing in wholehearted fashion and, possibly, with a maternal sigh of relief.

The wedding took place in October, 1923, in fashionable Calvary Church, and society's Who's Who participated in the rice throwing that followed.

Syd's mother gave them the cottage in which the young couple lived happily for two years, miserably for a year before the fatal climax.

They called it "Little Scrooby," staffed it with a French butler, his wife as cook, and a German gardener. Syd Brewster set up an insurance business and prospered.

SUMMERS were spent for the most part at the cottage near Glen Head; winters in the Park avenue mansion of Syd's mother. Winters "in town" were especially bad for the possessive and jealous husband, Syd.

Tracy's former beaux rallied around and formed stag lines, claiming or trying to claim every dance. Syd Brewster retired to the sidelines—again, and tried to play the part of the gracious, debonair escort; a role not suited to him.

He couldn't dissemble, however. With every dance he witnessed, with every bit of innocent flattery whispered into his beautiful bride's ear, some of Brewster's affected composure fled.

He fell victim again to moods of depression and surliness that had claimed him before he met and won Tracy Lyon.

His old friends and clubmates were conscious of it at parties in New York and on Long Island, and began withdrawing rather than running the risk of provoking inevitable scenes.

The withdrawal gave Syd and Tracy more time to themselves—more time for conflict between two persons equally strong of will and quick of temper.

Their families tried desperately to cool the friction precipitated by Brewster's fits of jealousy and, finally, in March of 1926 it was decided they needed to be apart for a few weeks.

Tracy, properly chaperoned by her sister, Mrs. Sherman Post Haight, embarked on a Caribbean cruise.

It was a peacemaking scheme that backfired.

The two sisters, poised and pretty matrons on vacation, were queens of the cruise before it was a day old and the stag lines had formed again for Tracy.

She played no favorites, but one fellow voyager, a wealthy resident of Mexico, managed to monopolize much of her time with entertaining dissertations on her favorite topics, music and the theatre. Tracy Lyon Brewster was happy for the first time in months.

Meantime, at "Little Scrooby" her husband was subjecting himself to a campaign of mental torture, inspired by jealousy. Shortly after Tracy's departure on the cruise, he changed his will and the beneficiary.

His wife was cut off in the new testament; his brother, Warren D. Brewster, was to be sole heir. All this time his young wife was eagerly looking forward to her return home.

The reunion in the late spring, however, was an ordeal.

SYD plied her with questions, like a district attorney working on a suspect. He demanded an accounting of her every movement and Tracy flared up and fought back. Below stairs, the servants were alarmed.

Syd Brewster's business suffered, along with his marriage. He prowled around "Little Scrooby," barking at infrequent visitors, searching for something; some evidence of infidelity on the part of the young woman he had sworn to love, honor and cherish.

One day he found what he wanted; or what he thought he wanted.

A letter had come from Mexico, addressed to Mrs. Tracy Lyon Brewster, obviously written by the fellow cruiser who had shared her interest in the arts.

Although it contained terms of endearment which any gallant, especially one of Latin descent, would employ in addressing a lady, the innocence of the association was established by two things:

1. Tracy had not sought to disguise the fact that she was married, living with her husband, and satisfied with the arrangement.

2. Instead of burning up the letter, or concealing it, she had torn it up and dropped it in her wastebasket where anyone could find it.

Brewster found it; pieced it together and put it in his wallet where he could reach it whenever he cared to torture himself.

Apparently he showed it to a friend with an understanding nature and a desire to help straighten out the situation.

The friend, according to drawing room gossip at the time, made a trip to Mexico in an effort to find the man named Rod. He made inquiries, inserted discreet advertisements in the newspapers—and failed to make contact.

HAD the emissary succeeded, one of the most shocking society tragedies of the century might have been averted. Rod might have come forward, in person or by letter, to reassure the jealous husband that he had no grounds for suspicion or suffering.

As it was, Brewster busied himself building a mountain out of the molehill engendered by innocent companionship between his wife and the mystery man from Mexico.

His absences from home became more frequent.

He was absent from "Little Scrooby" on the afternoon of June 16, 1926.

That was when his mother visited the cottage, and found her daughter-in-law in tears. Motherlike, Mrs. Brewster, Senior, insisted the couple have dinner with her that evening at "The Birches," and Tracy willingly accepted for herself and her trying husband.

More and more, she had come to live in fear of him. His jealous rages had now reached the stage where he used violence and had beaten her, she told her mother-in-law. There was another comforting embrace, and the older Mrs. Brewster left to supervise arrangements for the dinner—possibly a dance afterwards, "like old times."

Tracy managed a smile, and she had a smile for Syd when he came home from his insurance office. Together, they went upstairs to dress.

While Tracy did up her hair and hummed something that sounded to the apprehensive servants like "Happy Days Are Here Again," Syd went to his own room, changed his clothes and opened his wallet for the last time.

For the last time he read the letter to his wife from the man in Mexico signing himself "Rod." For the last time he called out the familiar:

"Are you ready, Tracy?"

"In a minute," she replied.

In that minute, Syd Brewster had picked up the revolver he had brought back from France, made sure it contained the two bullets necessary for his purpose, and strode into the presence of the woman he had loved with an intensity that had unbalanced his mind.

At the sound of his tread, Tracy looked up into her mirror. What she saw caused her to turn to meet him—and freeze in terror.

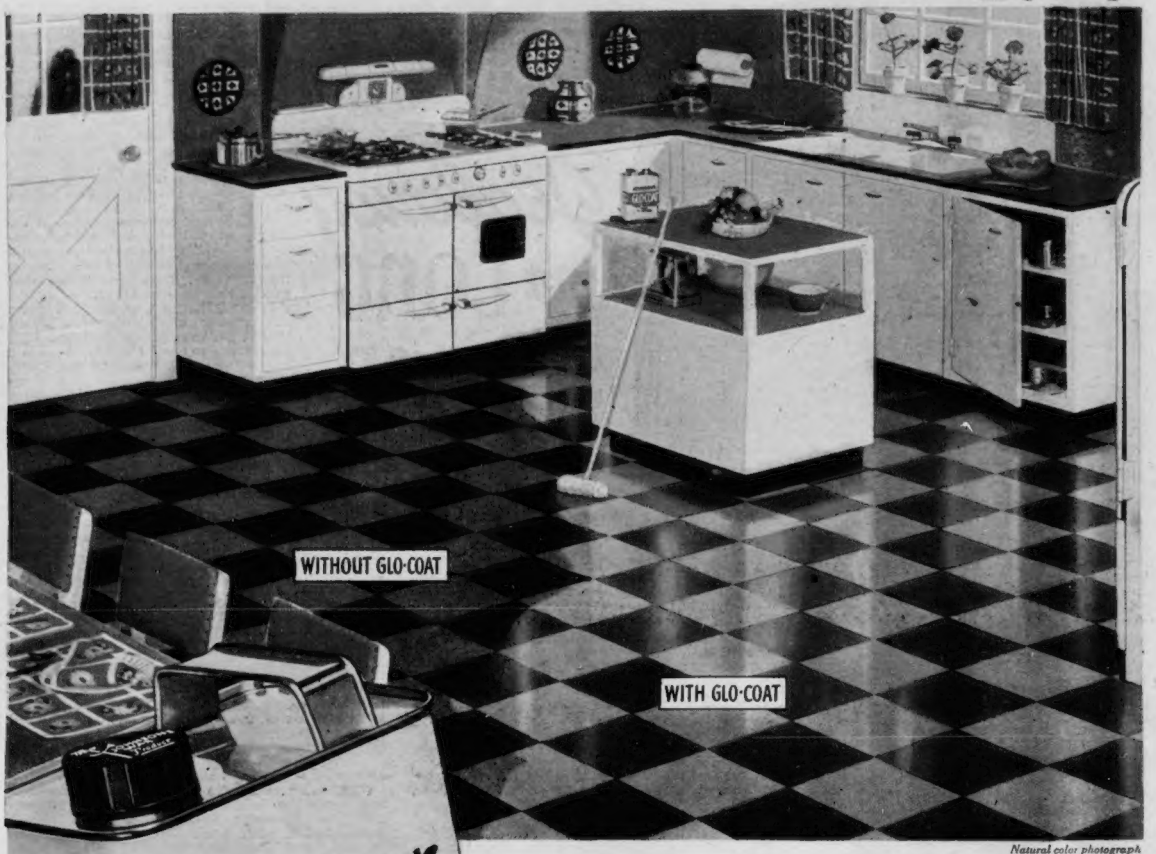
Two bullets were all he needed. One went into her heart; one into his brain.

There was a conference of the dazed and grief-stricken families, and the young bodies were quietly buried in adjoining graves in Woodlawn Cemetery, closer together in death than they had been for much of their married life.

Other Heartbreaks of Society Stories Will Appear From Time to Time.

Brighter days are here-*for you!*

Now Glo-Coat gives your floors nearly twice the shine - without rubbing or buffing!



Natural color photograph

Seeing is believing.

Let your eyes show you how brighter-than-ever Glo-Coat sparkles up dull floors—freshens colors and pattern. Always a favorite because of its brightness, Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat now gives nearly *twice* the shine to your linoleum and varnished wood floors.

And there's no rubbing or buffing with Glo-Coat. To get this smooth, glossy wax polish you simply apply Glo-Coat and let it dry . . . it shines as it dries.

You give your floors real *wax protection* with Johnson's Glo-Coat, too. Regular Glo-Coat care keeps dirt from grinding in . . . wards off scuff marks. Your floors don't crack or show wear so readily—keep smooth and beautiful years longer. Even your housework is much easier . . . dirt and spilled things wipe up from a shining Glo-Coated floor so quickly.

For a brighter, more beautiful shine . . . insist on Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. You'll be in good company . . . more women use Johnson's Glo-Coat than any other floor polish.

Laughs begin when you tune in Fibber McGee and Molly Tuesday night—NBC

Five Famous Johnson Polishes

Self Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars

New! DRAX* Johnson's new product DRAX gives invisible wax protection to clothes and fabrics. DRAX-treated garments resist dirt, keep fresh longer, are easier to wash and iron. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy. Ask your laundry and dry cleaner for DRAX service. Coming soon! DRAX for household use. Write for information. S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin.

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BACK ON DAYLIGHT TIME for Pat—

By Jack Stone

YOU couldn't find a nicer guy than Tommy Dorsey in the whole United States, said Pat Dane—but you couldn't expect a girl to turn night into day, and remain rational, even for the "Sentimental Gentleman of Swing."

That's why Pat, a vibrantly beautiful brunette who graces Hollywood's movie flickers, recently divorced the famous orchestra leader.

There were no sensational charges. Tommy wasn't interested in anyone else. It was with an almost reluctant whisper that Pat went through the routine that severed her four-year marriage.

Just something, she explained wistfully, that had to be done—like punching a drowning man in the jaw to save your own life, or cutting the noose that's about to choke you.

It wasn't Tommy personally. It was Tommy's topsy-turvy way of life—that may be all right for a musician—which gave Pat the feeling that she was standing on her head when she ought to be on her feet.

"For instance," said Pat dolefully, "did you ever try staying up all night and sleeping all day? I mean week after week. Well, I did. That's the way Tommy lives. It's not his fault; it's his profession.

"Most musicians never realize the sun is out all day. They know it rises in the east and sets in the west, but what happens in between they they don't ever want to think about."

Last February Pat and Tommy were on the verge of their third split-up. They never had any really bitter fights, just those ordinary little spats which result in misunderstandings and impasses. There was never any doubt that each loved the other, Pat said. It was as if some outside force saw to it they didn't get along.

Twice they rushed back to each other, swearing undying devotion. But the third time, last February, they agreed to call it quits.

"We talked it over and decided to 'get lost' from each other," Pat explained. "But we couldn't 'get lost.' After five days we hunted each other down. 'It's no use,' we agreed. We wanted to be together, spats and all. So we developed what we thought was a simple plan. Tommy had to travel and stay up nights in his work. Well, I'd go with him and stay up nights, too.

"But I just couldn't take the night life. I wasn't happy away from Tommy and I wasn't happy chasing the dawn. You can't stay up all night and work in pictures, too.

"It's the only life Tommy knows. He, the members of his band and the song pluggers who surround him, love the dark. On the way home from a night's performance, with the sun just coming up, Tommy would relive the night's events and make plans for the next night. So I landed in Reno. I had nothing against Tommy, mind you, but I had one of two choices—to stay married in a turned-about world, or be single in a world everybody else knew."

Tommy, the "Sentimental Gentleman of Swing," lived up to his title when the divorce loomed. He gave Pat his new car to make the journey from Los Angeles to Reno. He talked to her on the phone. He made it plain there were no hard feelings.

Reno is a gay place, but Pat got no fun out of it. She was there for the legally required six weeks residence and nothing else. When her time was up she got her decree and scooted back to Hollywood to resume picture work. There was no feeling of triumph or relief in her heart. She'd put an unpleasant job behind her.

Tommy, she explained with a small smile, doesn't drink any more. "He quit almost three years ago," she said. "Just quit, like that. He knew he couldn't do anything in moderation. He goes all out in everything he takes up. So he thought it better to stop drinking entirely."

It was almost three years ago that Tommy landed on the front pages with some extremely unfavorable publicity. Liquor was largely to blame. Pat got in that one, whether she wanted to or not. In fact, she was the focal point of it.

Tommy and Pat, nightclubbing, invited Jon Hall, the handsome movie star, and several others up to their Hollywood apartment for late drinks. Hall left, but returned to get a purse one of the party had left there. He met Pat at the door.

Dorsey, who had been drinking heavily, accused Hall of paying undue attention to Pat. That touched off one of the film colony's most spectacular brawls. Hall claimed Dorsey hit him with a bottle and that Pat joined the fray, inflicting cuts with a kitchen knife and almost severing his nose. Dorsey said Hall swung first.

Other members of the party entered the lists and a number of individual actions developed. Tommy, Pat and Allen Smiley, a gambler, were charged with assault on Hall and the case, which became known as the Battle of the Bottle, dragged back and forth through the courts. Hall changed his story several times and wound up not being sure that it was Pat who knicked him. The charges were dismissed.

All very disagreeable, says Pat, and something she doesn't want to remember.

There was a rumor that Tommy had settled $250,000 on her in the divorce action. "Not true," said Pat. "Tommy doesn't have that kind of money to give anyone."

Reconciliation? Remarriage? Pat doesn't want to talk about it. Let the future take care of itself. Tommy's a grand guy, a great friend. She wishes things had been different.

They might have, too, if Tommy hadn't turned night into day.

Tommy Dorsey's Pat Dane Just Wasn't Happy Chasing the Dawn,—It Landed Her in Reno.

Culver Service

A Remarkable Recovery After She Had Been Pronounced Dead Was Interpreted by a Young Woman as a Divine Mission

THE VISION OF *Catherine Fitzgibbon*

By Leeds Moberley

THE late spring and early summer of 1849 was a time of calamity in New York. The city was in the grip of an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, a disease that struck and killed in a matter of days or even hours. People were dying by thousands.

One of those stricken was a young woman named Catherine Rosamond Fitzgibbon. The doctors declared her case hopeless and she was given the Last Sacraments of the Catholic Church. Soon afterward she was pronounced dead.

Actually she was only in a trance-like condition and though unable to move or speak was fully conscious. She could hear her family discussing plans for her burial.

Horrified but helpless, she vowed that if God would spare her she would consecrate her life to His service. As she prayed she had a curious vision: a multitude of little children, some laughing and playing, some lying on cots.

The prayer was answered. Just in time her eyelids twitched and she began to rally.

She recovered. True to her vow, she entered the convent of the Sisters of Charity and became Sister Mary Irene. But the vision had no meaning for her as yet. She had no idea that she was to be the instrument for saving tens of thousands of human lives.

* * *

The end of the Civil War brought social, economic and moral crises. Homeless war orphans roamed the streets. Child abandonment and infanticide increased appallingly. Young babies were left on doorsteps, in vestibules, even in trash cans and vacant lots. For those still alive, the only refuge was the almshouse. Few survived there.

Sister Irene now saw it as her divine mission to establish an asylum where these hopeless waifs could be given proper care and a chance in life.

All the money she had was $5. But, with the aid of a lay committee, she finally obtained a dilapidated old house at 17 East 12th St., near Washington Square.

Sister Irene and two assistants took possession October 11, 1869. The place needed so much fixing that they did not plan to open until January 1, 1870. But a baby was left on their front stoop that very evening, and by January 1 they had 129 babies under their care.

That was the beginning of the famed New York Foundling Hospital, America's oldest and largest institution of its kind for unwanted, orphaned and homeless children.

In its 78 years it has given refuge to more than 100,000—enough human beings to populate a good-sized city—and its protective arm has reached out clear to the West Coast. Over the years it sent more than 27,000 of these youngsters, by the carload, to foster homes all over the country.

Many of them have made their mark in business, the arts and professions. One became a popular stage and screen actor. One even became Governor of his adoptive state out West. And a good number have come back to the Foundling Hospital to adopt children themselves.

* * *

In its first year, Sister Irene's foundling asylum cared for 1,183 children, and infanticides dropped.

The institution grew rapidly. It moved in 1873 to its present site on the Upper East Side, at 68th St. and Lexington Ave.—an entire block leased from the city. The Legislature appropriated $100,000 toward the building and another $100,000 was raised privately, most of it by a week-long Foundling Fair.

The new home had the most modern facilities, but it was never intended as an orphanage where the children would remain indefinitely. As many babies as possible were boarded out in private homes but they still came in faster than they could be accommodated. Admissions ran to 1,200 or 1,400 a year.

In 1873, several children were placed in foster homes in Maryland. That started what was probably the greatest child migration of all time. During the next 56 years the hospital sent out children, at an average rate of about 500 a year, to every state in the Union.

The Sisters Planned to Open the Foundling Home on New Year's, but the First Baby Was Left on the Stoop October 11, the First Night They Moved In.

Illustrated by OZNI BROWN

A full-time placement agent worked from city to city and state to state, lining up and investigating prospective foster parents.

When 50 to 75 applications had been received and screened, the children were placed aboard the "Baby Special"—a railroad coach transformed into a rolling nursery—for the trip to their new homes. With them went two nuns, two or three matrons and two men.

In most cases these children were not placed for adoption but were given under indenture. The foster parents were responsible for their care but the hospital retained supervision until they were grown. As many as 5,000 children were under supervision at one time.

The Baby Special made its last trip in 1929. Thanks to improved social conditions, admissions now are less than half what they were in the old days, and the hospital's policy has changed. The indenture system has been abandoned in favor of outright adoptions, limited to the New York area, and the paid boarding home system has been expanded.

But the hospital's activities have expanded too. It now occupies eight buildings and has a staff of nearly 1,000. Its facilities range from playgrounds and a nursery school to a shelter for unwed mothers, a top-ranking child psychology clinic and a convalescent home.

Through these facilities it is possible to study and expertly guide the personality of each youngster in the hospital's big family of homeless boys and girls. Each foundling has the advantage of expert health care.

When adoptions are planned the hospital, like other accredited adoption agencies throughout the United States, takes every precaution to find a home and foster parents completely suitable to the child left in its care, not as an unwanted baby but as a sacred charge.

Now the hospital has once more outgrown its surroundings. A new home, to cost $3,000,000, is high on the list in a $25,000,000 archdiocesan building program announced recently by Francis Cardinal Spellman. (The Cardinal, incidentally, gives the proceeds of all his writings to help chip away the hospital's $183,000 annual deficit.)

The move is to be made by 1950. At the time this was written, the new site had not been decided upon. One location under consideration was adjacent to St. Vincent's Hospital on West 12th St.—less than three blocks from the spot where Sister Irene first opened her humble foundling asylum.

Keen appetites relish this hearty November

Dinner

by Betty Crocker

Baked Squash
Stuffed with Sausage
Green Beans *Cole Slaw*
Bisquick Yeast Rolls *Grape Jelly*
Gingerbread
Apple Sauce
Coffee

EASY OVEN DINNER: Bake gingerbread. Let cool while stuffed squash and rolls bake. And what's more welcome than the tantalizing fragrance of hot yeast rolls! Feather-light, with tender golden crust. So easy to make with Bisquick!

• • •

BISQUICK YEAST ROLLS: Only 3 other ingredients (Bisquick is a blend of six). One short kneading, one rising!

Crumble and dissolve
1 cake compressed yeast
in **¾ cup lukewarm milk**
Add
1 tbsp. sugar
2⅓ to 2½ cups Bisquick
(until dough is easy to handle)

Mix very well. Turn dough over 2 or 3 times on lightly floured surface. Knead until smooth (½ minute or 20 times). Roll out ½-in. thick. Make into Parker-house or crescent rolls. Place on baking sheet. Cover with damp cloth. Let rise at 85° until double in bulk (about 1 hr.). Bake *10 to 15 minutes* in *moderately hot oven* (400°). Serve warm. *Makes 12 rolls.*

• • •

BAKED SQUASH *stuffed with Sausage: Tempting flavor combination. Takes so little time to fix! Cut 3 individual squash in two. Scrape out seeds, fibre. Stuff each half with sausage patty (1 lb. pork sausage needed). Bake in dripping pan 45 to 60 min. in moderately hot oven* (400°). *Serves 6.*

• • •

FAR EASIER, isn't it—making biscuits, dumplings, meat pie crusts with Bisquick! Just add milk. More dependable results, too, than with the old, tedious way of baking. Quick-trick directions for ten bakings on package. Tested by our General Mills staff. Try them all, and see how delicious!

General Mills, Inc.

"Betty Crocker" is a trade name of General Mills.

BISQUICK YEAST ROLLS

Win this $5,000.00 wild mink coat!

I. J. Fox Fifth Avenue
"America's Largest Furrier

OR, as 1st prize winner in new $25,000.00 Fur Coat Contest, choose a Russian Sable Sling Cape, a Chinchilla ¾ length Coat, or Stone Marten Jacket by I. J. Fox. All $5000.00 models!.

3 prizes—
a $1000 fur coat!

YOUR CHOICE of eight magnificent I. J. Fox fur coats: Black or Gray Persian Lamb, Canadian Sheared Beaver, Alaska Seal, Letout China Mink, Leopard, Nutria, Ermine!

I. J. Fox Persian Lamb

Platina-Fox Jacket

34 prizes—a $500 I. J. Fox Fur Garment!

YOUR CHOICE of 18 coats, jackets, scarves. Persian Lamb, Mink or Hudson Seal dyed Muskrat, etc., coats. Jackets in Fox, etc. Sable, Stone Marten, or Mink Scarves!

Mink-dyed Letout Muskrat

Just finish this sentence:

"I like the Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup because....."

Use 25 additional words or less. Follow the simple rules, at right.

So easy! You might send something like this: "I like the Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup because it cooks only 5 minutes." Don't worry about grammar, spelling, or fancy writing. Just use your own everyday words. First thing you think of may win you a gorgeous I. J. Fox $5000.00 fur coat!

Contest offered so you'll try the Betty Crocker Green Spht Pea Soup. Try it and see how delicious!

Then enter this easy contest. Send several entries! Include package top with each entry. Use entry blank below. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Monday, Nov. 24, 1947.

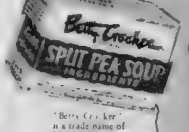
EASY CONTEST RULES

1. Finish this statement: "I like the Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. *2.* Print your name and complete address on entry. Attach boxtop from Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup Ingredients. Mail to General Mills, Inc., Box 1024, Minneapolis, Minn. *3.* All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Monday, Nov. 24, 1947. *4.* Entries judged on aptness, uniqueness, originality. Decision of judges (three Univ. of Minn. faculty members) final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. *5.* Include a separate boxtop with each entry. All entries become property of General Mills. List of winners' names and addresses sent upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 380 at 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minn. *6.* Contest open to all residents of U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees, and families of employees, of General Mills, I. J. Fox, and Knox Reeves Advertising.

*All values shown are retail prices for these fur fashions at I. J. Fox, Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Stores also in Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland.

Catalog sent each winner! Illustrates and describes fur garments. *Choose your own,* according to value of prize won!

Notice as to winners will be made in American Weekly at a later date



"Betty Crocker" is a trade name of General Mills, Inc.

Hurry! Enter $25,000 Fur Coat Contest today!

General Mills, Inc.
Box 1024, Minneapolis, Minn.

Here's my entry. I enclose one boxtop from the Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup.

My name is _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"I like the Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup because....."

(Finish the above statement in 25 additional words or less.)

BY SNIFFING the fumes from a tiny vial of amyl nitrite, a common heart medicine, many sufferers of chronic hiccoughs could be relieved in a few minutes. Even "...l cups" of the alcoholic kind are believed to be relieved in seconds, when all other methods fail.

The new treatment was discovered accidentally by Dr. R. C. Nairn, a surgeon lieutenant in the British Navy. A 30-year-old stoker was sent to the ship's hospital, suffering from a violent attack of hiccoughs.

The man had been "hiccupping" explosively three or four times a minute for four days. He was unable to eat or sleep. He was losing strength and weight at an alarming rate.

All the old and familiar remedies were tried. He breathed in and out of a paper bag; swallowed sugar and vinegar; held his ears while downing ten swallows of water. A mixture of carbon dioxide and oxygen was administered. None did any good.

The only treatments left, to save his life, seemed to be the administration of a general anesthetic, or a paralysis of one of the phrenic nerves by the injection of procaine, or crushing the nerve in a delicate operation.

The phrenic nerves control the actions of the diaphragm. When one of the phrenic nerves is irritated, the action of the diaphragm becomes convulsive rather than rhythmic. This results in hiccoughs.

Before resorting to any of these drastic procedures, Dr. Nairn re-examined his stock of medicines for an anti-spasmodic that had not been tried. His eyes fell on the amyl nitrite. He gave it to the patient.

It worked like a charm. In less than a minute after breathing the fumes from one tiny vial of the drug, the hiccoughs mercifully stopped.

Since then, Dr. Nairn has used the same technique in treating many cases of hiccoughs, even the kind induced by drinking too much alcohol. He reports success in many cases.

Although the new treatment is promising, doctors know that no one remedy will cure all types of hiccoughs. There are times when even the phrenic nerve operation does not have a lasting effect.

For example, there is the case of Anna Mayer, a professional singer of New York City, who for the fourth time in five years was stricken with hiccoughs.

STOPPER for HICCOUGHS?

Madge Evans, Hollywood Star, Hiccoughed for a Week, Following an Attack of Influenza. The New Treatment Helps Conquer Prolonged Suffering.

Anna's hiccoughs started in 1942 after an attack of appendicitis. She hiccupped around the clock for 40 days despite the efforts of a dozen physicians. Unable to swallow food in the one-second interval between the spasms, she had to be fed through her veins. Her weight dropped from 110 pounds to 68.

On the 41st day her condition had grown so serious that Captain Lester Samuels, an Army surgeon, was given an emergency leave by President Roosevelt and rushed to New York to perform the delicate phrenic nerve operation to save the girl's life. While two assisting physicians stood by, he made an incision above Anna's heart, probed for the nerve and crushed it. The hiccups stopped and she gradually recovered.

Three years later, following a cold, Anna was hiccoughing as violently as ever. After a 47-day bout, it was again necessary to operate.

This operation was a success and the doctors thought her permanently cured, but early this year she was seized with an attack that lasted 10 weeks. About an inch and a half of her right phrenic nerve was snipped away through an incision just below the collar bone.

This procedure should have stopped her hiccoughs for good. And it did—for a while. But on August first of this year, Anna started in again. And it seems likely that she will have to go under the knife for a fourth time.

Dr. John J. Vitacco, Chicago physician, has stopped hiccoughing in Miss Lena Sarno and several other patients, by intravenous injection of the drug curare (koo-rah-re), used by Indians of South America as an arrow poison, but now employed in modern medicine for paralyzing the endings of the nerves which activate muscles, so they cease to contract.

Paralysis of the abdominal muscles arrests hiccoughing. This is better than severing of nerves, careless and inefficient use of curare involves risks of paralyzing the breathing of the patient. Miss Sarno came through very well relieved of hiccups which had tormented her for 47 days, averaging four a minute.

Another fortunate case is that of Doris Hertler, a 17-year-old Windsor, Conn., high school girl, who set something of a record in hiccoughing for 82 days. After trying every cure imaginable—even the zany ones like standing on her head while drinking a glass of water—she was cured by grasping the handles of a newly invented machine that sent electric vibrations through her body. Why that trick worked is something that hasn't been figured out. Maybe the external tickling relaxed the internal spasm. Anyway, Doris is rid of hiccoughs.

Madge Evans, film star, hiccoughed for a whole week, following an attack of influenza, before the spasms suddenly stopped.

Most cases of hiccoughs are started by the irritation of the lower end of the food tube, where it enters the stomach. This irritation may be caused by drinking very hot or very cold liquids, using too much pepper or even smoking a pipe. It can be brought about by an infection or irregularity in the intestinal tract or chest cavity. Appendicitis, dysentery, typhoid fever, strangulate hernia and cancer can have chronic hiccoughing as a symptom.

Virus diseases like influenza, or any other infection that might cause injury to the central nervous system, can start the victim off on a serious rampage of hiccoughs. The signals sent by the damaged brain through the phrenic nerve are disturbed and cause the convulsive spasms of the diaphragm.

Hiccoughs can be caused by "psychic" disturbances and certain forms of hysteria. For example, during the war, there was a man who told Missouri hospital officials that he had hiccoughed over 100,000 times in a week. He blamed his condition on worry, induced by the upset conditions of the world.

The British naval officer's accidental discovery that amyl nitrite apparently relieves hiccoughs may save countless victims of this ailment from acute suffering.

BIG NEWS! A REAL WOOL-FACE RUG FOR ONLY $24.95!

Beautiful new Glamorug Saved My Life!

What a buy! Glamorug costs

only $24.95

for 9' x 12' size

"Just *try* to furnish a brand-new house from scratch! Money doesn't go far...

"But you've got to have rugs—or the place looks like a barn. New Glamorug's the perfect answer—a *real* rug—rich and luxurious-looking—only $24.95 for the big 9' x 12' size!

"Wait till *you* see these Glamorug beauties! So much rug for so little! Don't 'get by' with cold, clattery floor coverings or bitsy makeshifts. Let Glamorug's new patterns and colors make that world-of-difference in *your* home!"

Only Glamorug Offers All These Advantages for Only $24.95!

- **Real all-wool face** for luxurious looks, longer wear!
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- **2 decorator patterns,** range of most-wanted colors! Fast dyes resist fading. Glamorug can be wet-shampooed like the most expensive rugs!
- **Wear-tested!** A new Glamorug was put down at the entrance of a mill cafeteria. 102,635 mill workers tramped over it in all weather. Rug showed no worn-through spots—surface still soft—colors resisted fading.

All-wool face!

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'Sugar Chile' PAYS BACK

He's Only Eight Years Old, but the Boogie-Woogie Expert Has Earned Thousands

By William Engle

FRANKIE (SUGAR CHILE) ROBINSON bided his time. In a corner of an audition studio in Detroit's Michigan Theatre, the little Negro boy waited until 150 teen-age boogie-woogie players, trying out for an amateur contest, had left. Gil Green, the director, glum and weary.

The contestants filed out. Gil Green put on his hat. Sugar Chile, eyes shining, stepped in his way.

"What are you here for?" Green said. "You are years too young for this."

"I came to play the piano," replied Sugar Chile, and slid up on a bench. He struck a few notes, and edged off, standing before the keyboard. That was comfortable. He lifted his small hands above the keys again, and he dropped them, he played, and Green's head jerked up as if cross-currents of electricity flickered and flashed and clanged and sang in the room.

Sugar Chile, shoulders not much above the keyboard, gave him "Caldonia," beloved of boogie-woogie scholars, first, then a brief, cataleptic theme beyond naming. "Just something I made up," he explained, as his right foot thumped the time.

Abruptly, he stopped. "What do you think, Mr. Green?" he asked.

Green swallowed and got his breath. "You're in," he said.

Green meant it. The next week, Sugar Chile, six years old, was billed as "the world's youngest boogie-woogie player" at the Michigan Theatre, and he brought down the house.

That was two years ago. Since then he has brought down houses from one end of the country to the other, had a part in a movie, been often on the radio and made the world see that a prodigy has been born, been given a chance and been heard.

The little Negro boy, eight years old now, motherless, one of the seven children of a truck-driving Detroit ice dealer, has demonstrated by a great talent and a sweet nature that his country can be proud of him.

On January 1, 1863, when Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, it was thought by many that a vast gift had been extended to the Negroes of America. Now it is apparent that that freedom was a gift to America, itself. It opened up to America a new wealth of sinew and aspiration. Now the dividends in talent are coming in.

Little Sugar Chile Robinson, a dramatic example, is nevertheless only one of many. His boogie-woogie rolls them in the aisles; in his way the child is incomparable; but others of his race, working quietly in laboratories and libraries and offices, contribute equally, or more, to a proud and democratic country.

Sugar Chile, however, is a symbol. He is a giant killer, who combats indifference, short-sightedness, discrimination and neglect. He is the hero of the young, who dream, and of the old, who would like to dream again.

To attain that eminence, the sturdy, cheerful Sugar Chile stepped out of the downstairs flat of a frail, unpainted frame house in Detroit's Negro section.

He stepped eventually into $5,000 and $10,000 and $12,000 a week contracts in some of the biggest cities in the United States. But before money such as that came rolling in, he served his own peculiar apprenticeship.

"He was just about able to walk when he began to wham that piano," his father, Clarence Robinson, says. "When he was two years old one of the neighbors, sitting around with us for the evening, asked him to play, and offered him a nickel."

They thought the two-year-old would merely brush and bang the keys, and they were very wrong.

"Doggone if that little tyke didn't rip with Tuxedo Junction," says his father. "We just stood there with our mouths open."

Sugar Chile, even then, was listening to the radio, and the music was staying in his mind.

Before he became so gloriously professional, he would say, a year or so ago: "I play anywhere they ask me to." He could be specific, too. "I played at a lot of churches," he once said. "Sometimes for regular meetings, sometimes for fun gatherings. Once I played at a church fun gathering and when they came around with the grape juice and crackers they didn't pass me any. 'Well!' I said to myself, and I joined another church."

This was not temperament. It was common sense. Sugar Chile has that, too. He had to learn to have it, the little boy among seven, his mother dying two years ago, his father faithfully trying hard to do what he could with a truck and ice to sell.

Now, if in all the country, some inquirer were to seek a short-pants, bouncing, all-American little boy, he would stop in his tracks when he came to Sugar Chile.

When he pipes up, his shrill young voice speaks for all the Negroes in the country. He is American and they are. He, and many, many others are ready for whatever America asks of anybody, let them come from an unpainted frame house or the replica of a palace.

His aunts bring him up, now, since his mother is gone. His tutor puts him in strict bondage two hours a day, and he learns the grade school subjects. He is going to study music seriously a little later and someday, he hopes, he will be the leader of a great orchestra.

Meanwhile, he not only wins the hearts of his countrymen but also draws down those giant killer pay checks. He took $5,145 out of a one night stand in Minneapolis, picked up $12,190 for a week at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, and collected $10,000 for a second week, at the Chicago Theatre.

Every penny will be accounted for, because under Michigan's law a minor's net earnings are his own and must be kept intact for him until he is 21. His lawyer, Herbert Elges, and Judge Thomas C. Murphy, who was an orphan at three, will see to that.

So far, the record shows that Sugar Chile has invested $20,000 in government bonds; paid $40,000 in income tax for the year 1946; and spent $113 dues to two unions, the American Guild of Variety Artists and the American Federation of Radio Artists.

He has become owner of a $13,500 house, has been the star of several big radio shows, and is satisfied to have his father give up the ice business and run the new home paid for by boogie-woogie income.

If you were to stop him and say, "You are a young man, eight years old, freedom your heritage and a top place in your life work assured," he probably would say something quite like what he said to photographers the other day when they tried to detain him on the ground that he was already among the great individuals of the greatest democracy:

"Gee whizz, fellahs! Lemme go! I wanna play ball!"

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The MANLY ART of

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

By Roger Treat

PUNCHES were smashing his puffed face, each blow stunning him a little more. He tried to get his arms up to guard his head, but he was too tired now. In a daze, he stood there a few moments longer as the winner studied him coldly and fired full-power blows to his jaw.

Then he hit the canvas, head cushioned on his arms, and the referee counted "ten" long before he came back from merciful unconsciousness.

If they would only let him alone; let him lie there and sleep; sleep forever so he wouldn't have to go back in another ring next week to be knocked out again.

He had trouble buying his bus ticket because he could not remember for a minute where he wanted to go. He could not name his home address, even though he had lived there all his life. Finally, after hours of head-splitting pain, he got home and sat glassy-eyed as his mother cleaned the deep cuts over his eyes, bandaged them, and put him to bed.

When he slept, she cried without restraint. He hadn't even recognized her.

• • •

That same morning, the 20th knockout was registered against his name in the official record book. The man who typed the terse line listing the date, place, opponent, and result, looked grimly at the file card.

Twenty times knocked out in little more than two years! Another human brain mangled by the boxing racket; another vibrant young fellow ground into a hopeless wreck by the brutal machinery of what was once a fine, rugged sport.

The man put the card back into the file and went on to others. He could pick out dozens showing cruel testimony of boxing's heartless inhumanity to the thousands of boxers who do not become headliners, and even to some who had been champions. His records point an accusing finger of cold facts at the promoters and boxing commissions, equally guilty in the destruction of the minds of men.

• • •

Johnny Davis, Brooklyn heavyweight, active from 1944 to 1946, was knocked out 20 times in his short career. There was something missing in the physical ingredients of Johnny Davis.

He got knocked out all the time!

It happened in his first bout, and his third, and fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth. Then he won a bout, but back he went, again and again, and the punishing blows mauled his scarred face until he finally disappeared into the shadows.

In his last few bouts, his co-ordination was like that of a man staggering drunk.

Each time Johnny was losing something he would never regain. Each time he had been approved by the examining physician of a boxing commission, which had, in turn, approved the "match" in which Johnny was obviously going to get blasted a little further down the road to oblivion. His 19th knockout, besides 12 concussions he suffered, was sanctioned by the New York State Athletic Commission. It happened June 25, 1946.

Johnny Davis still talks of fighting again. At 25, he sits waiting—for nothing.

His license to box is still active in the files of the New York State Athletic Commission.

• • •

Brains are being severely injured nightly in the rings of this country. Boxers, already ruined mentally, are being pounded about the head with the blunt instruments encased in six-ounce gloves. Boxing's sad parade of drifting derelicts are the Displaced Persons of the world of Sport. Their past is better forgotten; their present is vague and unhappy; their future depends completely on charity and the compassion of friends.

There were few "punchy" ex-fighters in the days when boxers fought with their bare fists. The coming of the leather boxing mitt, about 60 years ago, lessened the damage of cuts, broken hands, and painful bruises. But it fashioned the fists into a dull-paining blunt instrument much more efficient at causing concussions and permanent head injury.

Boxing commissions have appeared through recent years, supposedly to protect the fighter, the public, and the promoter. They are politically appointed commissions, and their members often have no qualifications other than the proper connections with local political powers.

DR. HARRISON S. MARTLAND, Chief Medical Examiner for the State of New Jersey, has written a study of boxing's biggest problem, titled "Punch-Drunk." It is the doctor's opinion that "more than 60 per cent of professional pugilists who have been fighting more than five years develop enough mental and emotional changes to be considered 'punchy,' and more than 5 per cent become definitely punch-drunk."

According to Dr. Martland, symptoms of punch-drunk are: dragging of the legs; staring eyes; rambling, incoherent speech; tremors of hands; nodding of head; slow muscular movements; staggering gait; backward sway of body; loss of power of concentration; vertigo; deafness.

Dr. Martland writes that "punch-drunk follows repeated attacks of brain concussion following blunt force blows to the head."

His final line is tragic: "Nothing can be done for punch-drunk; prevention is the cure."

• • •

Donald "Red" Barry was a sensational heavyweight prospect in the early 1930s. He beat some of the best—fellows like Jim McVey, Joe Sekyra, Obie Walker, Jim Maloney.

He was continually overmatched, and he al-

WRECKING MINDS

The Inefficiency and Greed of Some State Boxing Commissions Has Turned Many a Fine Young Prize-Fighter Into a Punch-Drunk Derelict, Spoiling to Challenge, Outside the Ring, Anyone Who Jeers at His Jumbled Speech, Glassy Eyes and Addled Brain

ways took more punishment than he should have. Finally, he was tossed in with a lethal young heavyweight who was getting quite a reputation back in 1935—a fighter named Joe Louis. That was the beginning of the last furlong for Red Barry who was already tired; tired and spent and showing "slow muscular movements," "tremors of the hands," "rambling speech."

Louis knocked him out in two rounds. A week later, Tiger Fox dropped him in three. A few days after that he was iced again in two. Red Barry was on his way to the land of vague shadows.

He quit for a while, but he needed money, and back he came for more. Two losing battles started the comeback, followed by more brutal knockouts. Then Red hung up his gloves for good.

But he was too late.

You can find Red Barry today hanging around the streets of Washington, D. C. He hasn't any job, can't hold one because his arms undulate continually and he can't control the movements of his hands. There is one small spot of clearness in his mind, and Red Barry knows that he has been injured terribly. He knows he is "punchy."

Not long ago, Barry heard that a certain Washington doctor was supposed to be able to cure that horrible condition. Red hurried to that doctor. He got a report which read: "Donald Barry is suffering from shaking palsy due to brain damage in his fighting days. The condition has lasted ten years and shows little likelihood of improving."

Responsible for what happened to Red Barry are promoters, matchmakers, commissions, his manager. Overmatching did it.

A knockout from a head punch is a brain concussion. Should the same man receive the same injury in any other form of accident, he would be given proper medical care, rushed to a hospital to remain in seclusion until the delicate wound had healed.

Not, however, the boxer. Within a few minutes after his concussion, he may be on a train riding through the night to another ring where he will receive another beating, probably another knockout. Losing becomes habitual; the threat of death and insanity are his constant companions as he waits on his stool in the corner of the ring.

He will go through his next bout, and another, and another, and another. Each time he will be a little longer returning to clear-headedness; gradually his speech will thicken; slowly his reflexes will snarl up. Then he is ready for an institution, but even that mercy may be difficult to attain, for the public laughs at the punchy boxer.

The thousands of fans who made the rafters ring as he walked into those salvos of leather will scarcely remember his name. There will be new fighters, equally courageous, to follow him down the slippery trail to Queer street, where, according to Dr. Martland, six out of ten must go.

• • •

Dr. William B. Greaney, a man who has spent more than 20 years conditioning athletes, resigned in 1946 from the District of Columbia boxing commission (N.B.A.) in protest against the slack methods of the commission's physical examination, and the parade of punchies passing through Washington fight arenas.

"At least three months of complete rest is a must after a cold-out knockout," Dr. Greaney says. "A month of doing nothing at all should follow any knockout resulting from a head punch."

The record book shows histories of boxers being knocked out six and seven times within a month. Sal Lupo, a Boston middleweight, was knocked out three times on three consecutive nights in October, 1945, after being stopped only four nights previous to the first of the series. All occurred in Massachusetts which has a boxing commission.

"No man was ever born who could take more than ten head concussions without being at least partially punchy," says Dr. Greaney. "And remember, punchiness is permanent."

Sam Shumway, Boston heavyweight, has been knocked out 42 times and is still fighting.

• • •

Only a few are smart enough to recognize the early danger signals and quit boxing, stop exposing their brains to more punishment.

Such a man was Gene Tunney.

Tunney awoke one morning to realize in cold-sweat terror that he did not know his own name, nor where he was, nor why he was there. He had taken a sharp punch on the jaw during a sparring match the previous afternoon. It was 24 hours after that punch that he came out of his mental blank to remember that he was training for the defense of his title against Jack Dempsey.

That night Gene Tunney made a decision. He went through with the Dempsey bout, boxed one more with light-hitting Tom Heeney, and that was all.

Dempsey caught the signal, too, and stopped. He was pretty close to broke, and was in the process of trying a few warm-up bouts in the hopes of making just one more big-money fight. Then, with characteristic Dempsey frankness, he said, "No paper dolls for me"—and quit the ring for good.

Ad Wolgast was another champion. But he didn't quit in time, and he has spent the past two decades or more in an institution. He thinks he is still training for one of his fights which happened nearly 40 years ago.

Young Griffo was another. No institution for him but the barrooms of the world where his still amazing shiftiness made it possible for him on a small bet to avoid any punch a customer cared to throw while Griffo kept his foot planted on a handkerchief. The sanitarium would have been more humane.

Kingfish Levinsky—Now He Peddles Necktles.

Soldier Bob Martin, Charley Selger, Johnny Cockfield, all good, game "catchers" are behind asylum walls. Hundreds of others should be.

Kingfish Levinsky is an addled hulk who made a fortune and now makes a meagre living peddling neckties.

• • •

Less dramatic than the 11 deaths, which occurred in professional boxing rings in 1946, and less quickly tragic than the killing of Jimmy Doyle, who died after a championship fight with champion Ray Robinson in the spring of 1947, are the unheralded and little noticed murders of men's minds which take place on every fight show you care to name in any ring from Madison Square Garden to the smallest town.

It is the mis-match that brings on the punchiness. The phony "contest" in which one of the contestants has no chance whatsoever.

The mis-match is made by the promoter, or his agents, because he knows that he can get away with it. It may give some top-rank fighter an easy win and a soft touch at the box office; it may be a warm-up for a champion, or contender; it may be to pad the record of a coming star.

Whatever the reason, it has no place in civilized sport, and the commission that approves it is gambling with the mind of a man.

The New York state commission probably is the worst offender. Only slightly less to blame, and perhaps only because of smaller volume, are the National Boxing Association, which "controls" boxing in more than 30 states, and the several state and city commissions scattered about the smaller communities.

All are politically appointed.

New York's chairman is the politically ambitious Edward Eagan, Yale-Oxford graduate, husband of wealth, dabbler in politics. At the time of his appointment (January 11, 1945), Eagan was hailed as the Hercules who would give boxing's Augean stable a long overdue scrubbing.

However, abuses, particularly the brain destroying mis-matches, have increased. Badly conditioned boxers have been steady working targets for the few fighters of class who are active.

Eagan's honesty and his naivete have been his downfall in this political stepping-stone job which pays him $7,500 a year.

A national commissioner of the Landis type might save boxing from the goal it seems to be trying so hard to attain that of being banned in a wave of disgust.

That commissioner and his entire organization must be completely free of any and all political connection. He might best be selected by the sports-writers of the country who have no political axe to grind.

He must demand that boxing produce managers and trainers who can teach boxing as a science, and who understand conditioning.

There must be a central record office which would prevent a boxer who was knocked out in Youngstown one night from being knocked out in Jersey City the next.

There must be severe "unfixable" punitive action against any manager who arranges such inhuman treatment of the boxer, who for the most part is helpless.

And there must be local commissioners with courage, physical examiners who recognize and abhor the punch-drunk symptoms.

THERE must always be the realization that boxing is a spectacle which always places five entities within the ropes: the referee, two fighters, death and insanity.

In the sanitariums behind walls, and in the unrestricted asylums of our city streets there is today a pitiful and increasingly large number of those strange lumpy-faced men.

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Her Secret Elopement at 17 Was Just an Item She Had Forgotten to Remember

ROMANTIC LIFE OF *Peggy Norman*

By Warren Hall

AN untold chapter in the emotional experiences of singer Peggy Norman, whose romantic life up to now has seemed as open as the hotel window from which her secret suitor climbed, was unfolded the other day in Reno.

Peggy, who grew up in a hurry to become a sparkling blond night club entertainer before she was out of her teens, disclosed that she had been a runaway bride at an age when most girls are still asking papa for permission to go to a movie.

She was in Reno to obtain a divorce from Count Enzo Ranzoni Lucci, the hero, so to speak, of the window-climbing incident and, so far as her public knew, the only husband she had ever acquired.

But Peggy said that wasn't true. She had just neglected to mention previously that in 1939 when she was 17, she had eloped to Harrison, N. Y., with 36-year-old Alastair West Young, New York representative for British distilling interests and the son of William Young, a former Member of Parliament.

She added a few other details. Her father, Olaf Norman, a naval architect, had been pretty upset about the marriage at first but had finally approved. Just about the time he said it was all right, she had gone to Florida to get a divorce.

If her chapter with Young was written in invisible ink, the one with Count Enzo was etched with acid on the memories of her friends.

The count was a waggish fellow of massive frame and rocky countenance who had been an Italian captain of aviation in the swashbuckling days of Mussolini. In Paris he had met and married Anne-Marie Konta, a Manhattan debutante who was rounding off her studies on the Left Bank. They separated after two years in New York and the countess' private detectives reported that a beautiful young lady with honey-colored hair was spending considerable time in his hotel room.

On one particular night two groups of detectives were busy on the job. One group was watching Lucci, who dined at a restaurant with some friends and then started playing stud poker at the table. The other group was stationed in a room directly across a court from the count's.

At 1 a. m., the detectives testified later, Peggy entered Lucci's room, took a leisurely shower, turned out the light and went to sleep. The count continued his card playing until 5:45 a. m., when he also arrived at the room. About an hour later Mrs. Lucci and several of her operatives knocked at the door. Lucci refused to open it.

"We heard him talking on the telephone," the detective testified. "Then the manager came up with two bellhops and threatened to have us all arrested if we didn't leave. We told him we would not make a disturbance but we wouldn't leave until we got the evidence we wanted.

"A short time passed. Then one of our operatives, still in Room 343, came and told us two bedsheets had been made into a rope and the blonde was attempting to descend from the window.

"We were still clamoring to gain admittance when another operative from 343 told us Peggy did not make it, but the count had slid down the sheets and dropped to a balcony ten feet below, making his escape through a window to a stairway.

"Peggy remained in the room. She refused to open the door. After a while we left."

On the basis of this testimony, a judge awarded Mrs. Lucci a divorce and the custody of her young daughter. As soon as the decree was final, Lucci married Peggy.

Count Enzo, instead of being upset by the publicity given his precipitous flight, took it all as a huge joke. He thought it was so funny, in fact, that at the end of the year he sent out Christmas cards depicting a man sliding down a hotel wall with the aid of a couple of knotted sheets. Most of the recipients were only faintly amused.

After his divorce the count disappeared from the Social Register, where his name had appeared beside that of his blue-blooded wife, but he was still acceptable to certain circles of society.

His friends in this set thought he was getting no more than his due when the OWI hired him and prepared to send him to North Africa to broadcast to Italians. The FBI, however, thought otherwise. His second marriage was only a few weeks old when the G-men took him right out of his job and sent him to Ellis Island as an enemy alien.

They said he had led a Fascist movement in the United States and had scorned U. S. citizenship as "traitorous to an Italian."

Peggy was very indignant about the whole business. She said she hadn't known he had Fascist leanings, even though the FBI insisted that he had served in Mussolini's army as late as 1936 and had worn a black-shirt uniform in the U. S. as late as 1939.

"I'd never have had anything to do with him if I had known that," Peggy said. "My father is a Norweglan and his relatives have suffered all kinds of persecution in Norway. You can imagine how I feel about Fascists.

"And besides, he didn't defend the divorce suit when all those terrible detectives testified. You can see where that left me and what people must have thought. In fact, he deceived me about a lot of things and I'm going to ask an annulment."

She did exactly that, charging that the count had told her he would renounce his title and apply for American citizenship but didn't.

The annulment suit died on the vine and the count remained for three years and two months on Ellis Island, where the guards frowned on such fanciful foibles as using sheets for ropes. He had been ordered deported to Italy in 1916, but he managed to talk his way out of that.

Peggy was still waiting when he emerged, but not with open arms. She told him that his absence constituted desertion, even though it was involuntary, and she was able to convince a Reno judge that her theory was correct.

Peggy Norman Wasn't Worried When the Swashbuckling Count Climbed Out of Her Window. She Knew He'd Be Back.

Bonanza!

THE COMSTOCK

The Fabulous Lode, Which Yielded So Many Millions to Others, Rewarded Its Discoverers and First Workers With Only a Few Paltry Dollars—and an Early Grave.

By Gene Coughlin

After Comstock Had Sold His Share of the Fabulous Ophir Mine for a Paltry $11,000, He Rode Down the Canyon Shouting, "I Just Sheared the Sheep From California!"

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

THE Comstock Lode didn't come into its own as Queen of the Bonanzas until after the death of the two young men who had discovered its real treasure, and the suicide of the man for whom it was named.

Prospectors had been taking gold from Gold Canyon, Sun Mountain and Gold Hill for several years before Allen and Hosea Grosch, studious sons of a minister, discovered that the silver in the lode was worth twice as much as the gold.

Before they could exploit their discovery, both brothers died—Hosea "on the diggings," when blood poisoning set in after he had scratched his foot with a pick; Allen of starvation and exposure as he tried to cross the Sierra Mountains in winter to obtain new capital in California.

Before he left on his ill-starred trek, in 1858, Allen left Henry T. P. Comstock a quarter interest in the Grosch claims. But he didn't tell the ex-sheepherder the secret of the silver.

As a "gold man" Comstock detested the "blue stuff" or "devil dirt" that impeded his gold mining. Like the other amateur prospectors, he threw it away after cursing it roundly.

Nevertheless, he had a suspicion the Grosch brothers had found the stuff was valuable and Comstock roamed the hillside and the canyon staking out numerous claims, including a share of what was to become the fabulous Ophir mine.

The Grosch brothers' secret leaked out in 1859.

That was when Judge Jim Walsh sent a sample to Mel Atwood of Grass Valley, Cal., to assay.

The sample ran to a value of $4,791 a ton, of which $3,196 was in silver; the balance in gold.

FOR every dollar in gold that had been pocketed, the miners of Washoe Territory, later to become Nevada, had been throwing away $2 in silver.

Virginia City, on the toe of Sun Mountain, became the Mecca for miners—and speculators, not to mention prospecting women and undertakers who followed the trend from California eastward.

Comstock frowned on pals who continued to call him "Old Pancake," and assumed his full name of Henry Thomas Paige Comstock, "discoverer of the greatest lode known to man."

He dickered with Judge Walsh and a syndicate, finally sold his share of the Ophir for $11,000.

Later, when it dawned on him that he had traded 11 millions in silver and gold for $11,000 cash, he killed himself with his .44.

James Fenimore, another grizzled prospector, had accepted from Comstock a rheumatic horse for his share. He was proud of the deal even after it developed his share was worth $75,000.

"This hyar hoss," he used to say, "don't look like much. But he's wuth his weight in gold."

Samuel Clemens arrived, not to dig gold and silver, but to extract and interpret the humorous phases for the booming Territorial Enterprise—and chose Mark Twain for a pen name.

Hairy handed prospectors who had been content with taking hundreds of dollars from the lode, retired to make room for far-sighted giants of finance and industry who wanted millions. Brawny John W. Mackay and James J. Fair, hard fisted miners and laborers, made one fortune, lost it, and made a bigger one.

JAMES C. FLOOD and William S. O'Brien became multimillionaires without rolling up their white sleeves. They operated a saloon near San Francisco's Gold Exchange. They made friends with the men who won and lost "on the board"; Jim Keene, Bill Lent, Lucky Baldwin, Johnny Skae and General Cashweiler.

By a process of elimination they learned how to ride with the winners, when to buy mining stock at $20 a share and watch it soar to $1,500.

William Sharon made one fortune in the lode and another with his railroad connecting Virginia City with Carson City and supplying the mines with precious timber and supplies, while shipping ore to the mushrooming mills.

John P. Jones, mine superintendent, struck a rich vein while exploring, and became an owner of the tremendously productive Crown Point mine.

Adolph Sutro, no professional miner or saloonkeeper, laid the foundation of his fortune by devising methods, including a tunnel, of reclaiming precious ore at a time when another citizen of Virginia City was advocating construction of the most unusual tunnel in the world.

This visionary deplored the fact that his adopted town wasn't getting its share of daylight.

The Sierra range to the west was cutting off the afternoon sun entirely too early. His plan: Why not cut a tunnel, 2¾ miles long, through the mountains and, with the aid of a chain of mirrors, bring the sunlight to Virginia City? The project got off to an enthusiastic start but stalled when older heads wanted to know how much each merchant and resident should pay as his share for the sun's upkeep.

For 20 years, with time out to repair damage caused by lawsuits, fires and mine seepages, Virginia City retained her title as Queen of the Bonanzas, but in 1878, professional engineers and experts launched a wholesale withdrawal. There were, they admitted, several veins in the lode that would yield quantities of silver and gold, but they couldn't be worked to give the profit to which Virginia City was accustomed.

Since then, sporadic attempts have been made to exploit the mountain, the hills and the canyon, but the heirs of the men who founded some of America's greatest fortunes there evinced no interest in a "comeback" for the Comstock Lode.

The Big Seven of the Lode—Fair, Flood, Mackay, O'Brien, Sharon, Jones and Sutro—left tragedy and romance behind them.

James G. Fair died in 1894, secure in the knowledge that he had done very well by his beautiful daughters, Virginia and Theresa.

Virginia became the wife of William K. Vanderbilt and Theresa ruled society's Four Hundred as Mrs. Herman Oelrichs—but the added prestige couldn't keep them out of court.

Seven assorted relatives contested the will, which disposed of an estate of some $15,000,000. The contestants settled their claims for a reported million dollars after litigation lasted 19 years.

Meantime, Nettie Craven, a schoolteacher of San Francisco, sought to break Fair's will with the startling announcement that she had been Fair's common-law wife, and offered a pencilled will in evidence. The heirs, it was stated, gave her $50,000 and the will remained intact.

Adolph Sutro became mayor of San Francisco, the owner of the famed Cliff House and 850 acres of land in The Bay City, but his will was invalidated by four of his six children.

He had cut his brother Theodore off with a dollar, but he turned unexpectedly Quixotic with a bequest of $50,000 to Hattie Trundle (Mrs. George Allen) "for scandalous charges against her in Virginia City in 1879."

John P. Jones became a senator and then tried to find a gold mine in California's Death Valley. He missed the mine but founded the city of Santa Monica on the Pacific. His estate, like that of William S. O'Brien, was settled quietly as befitted the two men who lived quietly.

Not so in the cases of William Sharon and John W. Mackay.

Golden haired Sarah Althea Hill challenged Sharon to legal combat in his declining years, after the death of his first wife.

She sued for some of his millions on the ground that she was his wife "through a contract marriage." Sharon denied the claim.

Sarah retained an attorney as fiery as herself, David S. Terry was an unreconstructed Rebel from Kentucky. He had killed Senator D. C. Broderick in a duel.

When the Vigilantes sent a man to arrest him, Terry knifed the man with the warrant. Despite his flair for violence, he had a legal mind as sharp as his bowie knife and had served as chief justice of the California Supreme Court.

Stephen J. Field had succeeded him in office and Terry had hated Field for years.

The trial and appeals lasted for two years.

Early in the proceedings it became apparent that Sarah was more than just a client. She was his sweetheart and then the wife of Attorney David Terry.

His hate boiled over when Chief Justice Field finally handed down the long awaited decision: David S. Terry was an unreconstructed Rebel. Sarah Althea Hill's "marriage contract" was void.

Terry stomped out of court, swearing he would kill Field on sight.

Sharon, the focal point of the bitter fight, was dead when Terry and Field met again in a railroad eating house at Lathrop, Cal.

Terry alighted from an overnight train to see his mortal enemy enter the restaurant with his bodyguard, Dave Neagle.

He returned to the train, got his gun, and marched up to the table where Justice Field sat.

Just as Terry yanked the flowing Field beard, Bodyguard Neagle fired and the hot headed scholar and duellist from Kentucky fell dead.

Romance entered the life of stubborn John W. Mackay in the boom days of Virginia City when he met Mrs. Marie Louise Bryant, a widow who ran a boarding house. Mackay married her, adopted her daughter Evelyn Julia, later the Princess Stigliano Colonna, and fathered two sons, John W. and Clarence Mackay.

With some of the millions gathered from the Comstock Lode, Mackay declared war on powerful Jay Gould, his enemy from an earlier business deal. Gould had organized the Western Union telegraph system.

Mackay and James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the New York Herald, organized the Postal Telegraph company and the Commercial Cable company and laid two transatlantic cables to enter the field of international communications.

When he died in 1902, Mackay left $2,500,000 to his son Clarence. Mrs. Marie Louise Mackay left Clarence a similar sum on her death in 1928—son John W. had been killed in an automobile accident, leaving Clarence the sole heir.

Clarence Mackay was as dictatorial as his father, but he didn't get the same results. For one thing, Postal Telegraph under his direction didn't drive the Gould-controlled Western Union out of business, instead it was merged with the older company and lost its identity.

Romantically and domestically Clarence fared no better. His first marriage, to beautiful Katherine Duer, was a failure. She left Harbor Hill, the $6,000,000 chateau at Roslyn, Long Island. And so did Clarence's daughter, Ellin.

This last departure was a telling blow because Clarence Mackay had tried desperately to break up her romance with songwriter Irving Berlin. Instead, his opposition spurred the couple to the altar, after Ellin had listened to the Berlin courting tunes all over the world.

Mackay retired to Harbor House, as Harbor Hill was then known, with his second wife, singer Anna Case. But the castle, with its 134 servants and its $5,000,000 worth of antiques, was a heavy drain on the Mackay purse. The family took up smaller quarters, leaving the estate to Clarence's son, John "Willie" Mackay.

In 1939, a year after Clarence Mackay's death, Harbor House, nee Harbor Hill, was stripped.

The process left gaunt marble walls standing, guarding an interior of nothingness. Not unlike the faded front and walls of the old Wells Fargo Express office in Virginia City, where hundreds of millions in gold and silver were handled; where lizards hold sway today.

Next week: Haw Tabor's silver empire.

Leda Plauche's Borrowed Time

Mrs. Plauche Regained a Lost Fortune, Designed for the Mardi Gras, Established a World-Famous Gift Shop—All After a Doctor Gave Her 60 Days to Live.

Illustrated by
RALPH PEREIDA

By Wirt Williams

"YOU'RE a business woman," said the doctor. "You ought to know how you stand. You have two months to live."

The tall, spectrally thin woman stood up. She looked at the grave-faced man in white with eyes so bright and so piercing that all the remaining strength and will in her wasted body seemed to pour out to them.

"What do you advise, Doctor?" Her hands were shaking from the ravages of pernicious anemia.

"There is nothing I can advise."

"Thank you," she said politely. "Will you please send me your bill?"

She walked out. That was 12 years ago.

Today Mrs. Leda Hincks Plauche—now the picture of glowing, gray-haired health—can lean back at her desk in her New Orleans gift shop and laugh.

Not only did she confound the physician's dour prediction. But in those 12 years of borrowed time, she accomplished enough things to fill a lifetime comfortably.

This soft-spoken matron, a member of one of New Orleans' oldest families, did all this:

Regained and enlarged a sizable fortune dropped in the debacle of 1929.

Kept her position as a leading designer of floats and costumes for storied Mardi Gras. Built her gift shop, started in the depth of the depression, into an internationally-famous institution.

Became the manufacturer of New Orleans' most famous creole pralines.

And, not least, directed a smooth-running household for her husband, secretary of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.

The story of Leda Plauche is studded with the Horatio Alger virtues—except that instead of starting from nowhere she began in one of the most impeccable backgrounds in New Orleans.

She never had an art lesson in her life. But she taught herself to draw well enough to earn more than $30,000 a year in the 1920s. Although she started late, in a few years she had accumulated a fortune of $90,000, when the 1929 crash wiped her out.

The worst crisis in her life, she says, was that dark day in 1935 when she was told she had less than 60 days to live.

"Only one thing saved me," she says today. "Fight. Fight—and a determination that I was not going to die. I made up my mind that I was going to live.

"I planned a motor trip to New York with friends. I learned later that they had made arrangements with my husband to ship the body back.

"But they didn't have to.

"We took an apartment in New York. At this time, remember, I was nearly dead with pernicious anemia. I weighed just 87 pounds.

"There I followed my own diet. My doctor had warned of the bad effects of liver shots.

"But I was determined to eat liver anyway. I arranged with a restaurant to prepare a pound of liver for me each day—in a different way.

"I knew bananas were full of calories. So I resolved to eat them. I ate three meals a day, my pound of liver, and all the bananas I could hold.

"I walked, very slowly, about 30 blocks a day. The rest of the time I rested in bed.

"At the end of the first 12 days I noticed something. My head was clear. My hands, which had been shaking uncontrollably, were steady.

"Then I started to gain. I gained a pound a day. When I returned to New Orleans I was 24 pounds heavier. Still thin, but looking like a woman instead of a skeleton.

"One of my friends was a laboratory specialist who had tested my blood when I became ill—I asked him to make another test. He agreed in sorrow. He thought, he told me later, that I was just being brave. But, when he looked at the test tube, his face was transfigured. He was more excited and gratified than I.

"The worst was now over. I continued to gain. Finally I reached an incredible 178 pounds—more than twice what I had weighed at my lowest. Then I turned again to my business."

Mrs. Plauche is emphatic in pointing out that her diet should not be followed by anemia sufferers without the advice of a doctor. "What worked for me might be fatal to others."

Her business was the Green Orchid Shop, now known internationally. She had started it after the crash wiped out her sizable savings.

"I didn't try to do too much. I made little gift dolls and other curios. I started making pralines from an old recipe that belonged to Marie Louise, an old colored retainer who had been with my family since the Civil War."

The business kept growing. Today it is highly profitable. It is run on an entirely cash basis.

Mrs. Plauche also continued to be in great demand as a designer for carnival floats and costumes for the Mardi Gras.

Mrs. Plauche no longer is active in commercial art work, except for her own shop and for the Carnival designs.

"One thing I shall never forget," said Mrs. Plauche, "is the face of the doctor who gave me up for dead when he saw me, fully recovered, on the street one day. I assured him I was not a ghost.

"'I'm just a woman,' I said, 'who made up her mind she was going to live.'"

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1

2

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THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO

King FOR A DAY

By Booton Herndon

EVER want to be king for a day? Ever want to throw money around like confetti, buy all kinds of foolish things, have a fling be a big shot?

Well, you're not alone. Since time began, people have been saving up, borrowing, even stealing money just to have a few minutes, or a few days, of big-time spending.

Only recently, Roy Bruck, a 26-year-old Florida bank clerk turned himself in to the Cleveland police, penniless, wanted for embezzlement—but happy as a lark. He'd been king for a day.

Assistant cashier of a bank in Lake Worth, Bruck said he'd always wanted to drink, gamble, and travel with a blonde. So he picked up $9,000 of his bank's money and started out with a night club girl.

They drank, gambled, and traveled from Florida to Nevada where Bruck got rid of most of his pile. Bruck ran out of money in Chicago, and there the blonde left him. That was his only regret, he said.

Bruck's wife, incidentally, had started suit for divorce just before the great trip started.

John Jay "Butch" McDevitt, whose one-day spending orgy made history several years ago, borrowed the money for his fling. With the loan of $2,500, not an insignificant sum in those days, McDevitt made no bones about what he was going to do. He announced, to his friends in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania:

"I'm going to go to New York and show them city fellers how to spend money."

McDevitt hired a private train to take him to the big city, along with a brass band. In New York, he blew in his bankroll on such things as a bath in wine and $100 tips to the waiters who served him expensive meals. When he got back home in his private train that night he was flat broke.

"It was worth it," he allowed. "I got a dollar's worth of pleasure for every penny I spent."

While McDevitt borrowed his money and Bruck just took it, other men have put in years of work to save up for their big moment.

There was a Klondike prospector, for instance, who labored long and hard panning out gold, and then came back to a little Alaskan community to spend it.

In a Yukon dance hall he looked around, picked out his girl, and announced she'd be worth her weight in gold as a wife.

It added up to $130,000—and she couldn't even cook.

The luckiest king for a day, perhaps, was Frank L. Lillyman of Skaneateles, N. Y. Lillyman, one of the first men to land in Normandy on D-Day, planned what he'd do when he got home as he fought across Europe with the 101st Airborne Division. When his plans were complete, he wrote the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, outlined his specifications, and asked how much they'd cost.

All he wanted was the best suite in the hotel, a nursemaid for daughter Susan Jane, soft Strauss waltzes played, roses daily for wife Jane, coffee brewed right in the suite so he could smell it cooking, filet mignon with plenty of mushrooms, and a few other little things.

His recipe for a banana split, incidentally, was cherry, vanilla and fresh peach ice cream, sliced fresh peaches, sweet syrup, whipped cream, walnuts, and a maraschino cherry, in addition, of course, to the banana. He also wanted to be called nothing but "Mister."

Lillyman saved up $500 for the bust, and, upon getting his honorable discharge from the army, went to the hotel to see if they could comply with his request for that sum.

The manager met him practically at the door. "Go get your wife, Mr. Lillyman," he said. "Not only can we do it, but everything's on the house."

Joe Bonavita, a Brooklyn tavernkeeper, also got the idea of having things on the house, but in reverse. Last Christmas Bonavita took over $1,000 with him to the Bowery, and gave it all away to the human derelicts on New York's Skid Row. He had to take a cop along, not for protection, but to convince the cynical tramps and drunks that he was really on the level.

It felt so good that Joe came back New Year's morning with more money, $3,500 this time, and started giving that away too. He quit when he was taken to a hospital for a mental observation, although he was released the same day.

Byron D. Chandler, known as the Millionaire Kid, found a way to get around the difficulties he encountered in spending money. Chandler drew $10,000 of his inheritance on his 21st birthday, and found himself unable to spend it in his sleepy home town of Manchester, N. H. So he put in an order for three expensive imported cars, and started out for New York. He had little trouble after that.

"Coal Oil Johnny" Steele, a Wilkes-Barre boy, like McDevitt, also made a splurge when he became 21 and wealthy. He began with a special train to New York, and kept up that speed until he was 25 years old. By that time he had run through $2,000,000 and lived in poverty the rest of his life. "Coal Oil Johnny" once rented a Philadelphia hotel for $10,000 a day so he could fire a clerk.

Walter Scott, better known as Death Valley Scotty, hit the headlines with his first escapade. He hired a train to take him from Los Angeles to Chicago. That was in 1905, and Scotty offered so much money for extra speed that the crew made the trip in 45 hours. That isn't considered bad time today. Scotty built a $3,000,000 palace in the desolate wastes of Death Valley, but he usually made his home in a $15 shack.

Spud Arsenault, a Canadian prospector who found gold after lonely years of seeking, went to New York recently to have himself a time and find himself a wife. He got a press agent, David Lown, to help him.

After painting the town red, he found his dream-girl, Doreen Easton, dancing at the Copacabana. Spud made plans to take her back to Canada, but at the last minute something went wrong.

Arsenault found that he could have been king for a day just as well without Lown's help. When it came time to go back to Canada, Doreen changed her mind and decided to marry the press agent.

Spud Arsenault, the Walking Gold Mine, Was Happy in His Broadway Kingdom Until His Dream Queen Faded Into a Courtier's Arms.

She SKATED out of POLIO

SOMETIME next January, before a crowd gathered at the Philadelphia Skating Club, a blond 12-year-old girl will glide out onto the ice in defense of her Eastern Juvenile Figure Skating Championship.

Spectators will delight in her poise and grace as she swoops through the intricate and demanding championship routines.

What few of them will realize is how much this title means to determined little Tenley Albright of Newton, Massachusetts. For behind her original victory last January lies the story of a courageous youngster whose skates not only carried her to a champion's throne, but out of that dread disease — polio — as well.

Until September of last year, Tenley was just another little girl to whom polio was only a word in the dictionary. Her father, Hollis Albright, was a successful physician. She was interested in music, her studies—and ice skating.

One evening, Tenley stood in her living room, playing with a neighbor's baby. Suddenly a look of bewilderment crossed her face. She held out the baby to her mother.

"Mother—my arms! They won't hold anything, and they feel as though all the skin is coming off!"

When Tenley's father arrived home, he noted the marked stiffness in her neck. He recognized the symptoms at once. He put in a call for the famed polio specialist, Dr. Conrad Wesselhoft.

At the hospital, a lumbar puncture confirmed their fears. Tenley had infantile paralysis. Tenley knew what was wrong, for above her hospital door was a big sign—"Polio Floor." When her father came to see her a few days later, she already had the dictionary definition of the disease written on a card.

"Don't worry, Daddy," she told him. "I'm going to get well, I just know it."

After the first fever had subsided, Dr. Wesselhoft designed a number of bending and stretching exercises to strengthen Tenley's back muscles. They were simple exercises, but only a month after she left the hospital, Tenley was asking if she could resume her ice skating.

Dr. Albright and his wife had already decided that it was better for her morale and physical condition to do the things she had always done before her attack. So they smiled as their daughter took her first hesitant steps down the stairs.

But their pleasure turned to horror as her knees buckled and she toppled over. Again and again Tenley stumbled during those first few weeks. But she always got up. Finally, she was able to walk again.

Few People in the Crowd Knew That the New Champion Had Been Crippled With Polio Six Months Before She Won the Crown.

She persuaded her father to flood their back yard, so she could try skating again. At first, she couldn't even stand on skates. But gradually, she shook off the crippling effects of the disease. Use of her muscles was restoring her to health.

Her parents took her to the Boston Skating Club for lessons. Willie Frick, the instructor, was quick to notice her budding talent. By Christmas, he had her working on "free figures", the hallmark of a champion figure skater. On January 25, 1947, she was runner-up for the New England Juvenile Championship.

By then, she had attracted the attention of Maribel Vinson, the international skating star, who voluntarily taught Tenley all her own intricate techniques and persuaded the Albrights to let her compete in the Eastern Championships at Philadelphia.

So it was that only six months after Tenley's severe polio attack, she stepped out onto the Philadelphia rink and electrified an unsuspecting audience as she conquered the best youngsters in the nation.

If Tenley's golden hair and silver skates flash to victory again this January, Miss Vinson plans to take her to Hollywood for screen tests. Tenley, naturally excited, is looking beyond the movies, however. Her real ambition is to be a physician when she grows up.

How long is a high-chair lunch hour?

What's the hurry? Child-care experts say never rush baby's feedings. Some tots take longer to finish a meal than others. But, Gerber-fed babies often clean their plates lickety-split. For even cereals *taste extra-good*—made by Gerber's.

All gone—carrots to custard! Why not—if they're *Gerber's—the foods more babies go for, more doctors approve.* Shouldn't you stick with Gerber's from Cereals through Strained and Junior Foods? Ask your doctor.

One mother to another: If strained apricots puckered up your baby's mouth, try the less tart Apricots-with-Farina. That bit of farina which is now added makes a big difference. And, it pleases just ever so many babies.

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"I Was Taking Her Picture," the Policeman Heard the Blonde Say, "and Someone Walking By Shot Her."

CASE OF THE LETHAL

By Peter Levins

"YOU'LL never belong to another man," he had said. "I'll kill you first!"

But Olga Trapani wasn't interested in another man. All she wanted, right then, was to be rid of the menace of Al Rocco.

Why couldn't he leave her alone? She no longer belonged to him. Their marriage had been annulled and she had discarded his name. The love she had given him no longer existed.

Surely he could have no real regard for her any more, else he certainly wouldn't be acting so fiendishly.

In October he had forced her into a car at gunpoint and held her captive for three days.

In November he had dispatched her to a hospital with a bullet in the leg.

Now he had sent her a message via the telephone operator at her place of business . .

"Tell Olga to start praying."

Dark-eyed Olga Trapani, long a valued employe of a millinery concern on 39th St., Manhattan, had married handsome, quiet-spoken Alphonso Rocco on May 14, 1945, and had regretted it almost from the start.

For one thing, she had not known that he had a police record. That he had been a thief.

Son of immigrant parents who had separated, he had passed his childhood years in institutions, then gone to live with a grandmother who proved unable to handle him. He had held various jobs briefly and unenthusiastically, much preferring a life of loafing idleness.

It had done no good for his sense of balance that girls found him attractive. They told him he looked like a movie actor.

Around the poolrooms and dance halls of Brooklyn, he came to be regarded as a lone wolf, a floater without regular associates or steady hangouts.

In contrast to members of the opposite sex, men distrusted him and shunned him.

In the spring of 1938, when he was 27, the Bronx authorities arrested him and he got a year in jail for larceny. It was charged that he had stolen 11 autos and disposed of them under false registrations. As in previous difficulties with the police, he blamed everything on his disadvantageous upbringing, and insisted that he rated another chance.

His greatest chance came in 1944 when he met hard working, faithful Olga Trapani.

After the ceremony at the Brooklyn marriage chapel, the newlyweds went to live with Olga's parents on 57th St., Brooklyn. Olga continued with her job as bookkeeper and office manager at the millinery firm, while Al concerned himself with activities that remained completely illusionary to his in-laws. His own explanation, never explicit, was that he had certain important "deals" in prospect.

Olga began to worry and wonder as he absented himself from home for days at a time. Sometimes he would return well heeled with cash, sometimes without a cent. When he had money he would laugh off her questions and take her to a night club. When he returned broke, he would lash himself into a jealous frenzy and accuse her of running around with other men.

"There is not a word of truth in what you are saying," she told him time and time again.

She could not help but resent such a charge, since she never gave him the faintest cause of jealousy.

So Al lost his great chance. After six months, she told him that she could no longer live with him, nor support him.

"Don't talk crazy," he said.

"It's you who's talking crazy," she told him, "and I can't take it any more."

He snorted derisively. "You're nuts if you think I'll ever give you up!"

"Al, it won't work," she insisted. "We can't get along. You won't trust me, and I'm sorry to say I don't trust you any more. I'm disappointed and ashamed. There's nothing left for us to do but break up."

But though she made him leave her, and later won an annulment, he refused to call things quits. Indeed, he grew more wildly jealous with every passing day—and more vengeful.

He would not let her live in peace. He accosted her when she left her home. He pestered her with phone calls to her office. He uttered threats.

"You'll never belong to another man. If I go to the chair for it, I'll kill you before I let that happen."

In October, 1946, a few weeks after the annulment, came the first of his series of desperate, direct-action measures. He menaced her with a gun as she neared her home, then forced her to drive with him to a hotel in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he took her clothes and kept her prisoner.

Three days later he suddenly decided to take her back to the city, with the warning that he would shoot her and then himself if she refused to live with him henceforth.

However, at the very first opportunity, she escaped and fled to her home.

What now? How was she to shake herself free of this ever-growing peril?

For a while after that, she did not go to work by herself; friends drove her to and from the office. Also, she arranged with the telephone operator to handle those nerve-shattering calls from her pursuer.

"Tell Olga it's only a matter of time. Tell her that, sooner or later, I'll get her!"

Friends advised her to go to the police.

"That would only make it worse," she said. "They wouldn't find him, but he would find me."

On Nov. 1, at 6:45 p. m., a bullet crashed through a kitchen window of her home and pierced her left leg. For the next three weeks, while she recuperated under guard in a hospital, the police looked for Al Rocco. But—just as she had predicted—they failed to find him.

ABOUT the 15th of December, while most of the inhabitants of New York were engrossed in preparations for Christmas, a 19-year-old, blond-haired girl named Pearl Lusk, then working as a temporary salesgirl in a Manhattan department store, found herself launched upon a most thrilling adventure.

Out of a clear sky—just like in the magazine stories—a handsome man had taken hold of her elbow in the subway and said to her:

"Don't be frightened. I need your help."

Almost before she knew what was happening, he had escorted her to a restaurant on 14th St. And there, quickly and charmingly, he had explained that he was an investigator, that he had been shadowing a suspect on the subway train, and that he'd had to act fast, at that moment he spoke to her, to save himself from a possibly disastrous predicament.

"My name is Alan LaRue," he told her. "I work for a big insurance company on Madison Ave. My job is to track down fraudulent claims and to recover stolen valuables, and thus save the company from paying heavy damages. Right now I'm on the trail of some real big shots."

Pearl Lusk's eyes widened. "And one of them was on the train?"

"Not one of the big shots, no. The person I was just tailing was a woman. They're using

ner to transport the stuff. If I can get the goods on her—" he slowly closed his right fist by way of emphasis—"I'll have the whole gang in the bag. The trouble is—"

He frowned and rubbed his jaw. The girl leaned forward excitedly. "Yes? Please tell me!"

"I suddenly realized that the woman was looking at me in a funny sort of way. I wouldn't say that she had become suspicious, but I realized that I would have to do something quickly to make her decide that I wasn't in any way interested in her. That was when I jumped after you, and grabbed your arm."

"You must have thought fast," Miss Lusk remarked admiringly.

"In my business, you have to."

THEN he went on to point out that if he was to succeed in this very important assignment, he would need help.

"That woman is no dope," he said. "If I try trailing her again, she'll spot me sure as shooting. As I say, I'm going to need help."

"What—what kind of help?"

He did not answer for a moment. Seemed to be pondering something. Then he asked:

"Would you mind telling me something about yourself? Your name, for instance?"

"No, I wouldn't mind at all. It's Pearl Lusk. My friends call me Pat."

"You have a job?"

"At the moment, yes. But only until Christmas."

That information seemed to please him. "And after that you'll be available for something else? Would you be interested in doing some important work for me?—for my company?"

Her heart almost burst with excitement. "Oh, I'd love it!" she cried.

"Good. I assure you it will be worth your while."

They made a date for a couple of nights later, and Pearl Lusk returned to her furnished room on West 99th St. in a romantic daze. How good-looking he was! Like a movie actor.

During the next fortnight they had frequent get-togethers. Business meetings.

"That woman carries a fortune in hot jewels on her person," Al told her. "The only way to prove it is to make a closeup X-ray snapshot."

"An X-ray snapshot?"

"Yes. A special camera developed during the war. Photographs right through a person's clothing."

"How wonderful!"

He nodded. "Yeah, quite a gadget. But very simple to operate. Just snap the shutter, and there you have it."

"That's what you want me to do, isn't it? Because if you tried to take the picture, the suspect would recognize you?"

"RIGHT. Will you do it?"

She wanted to hug him, she was so thrilled. "You bet I do! You just lead me to it!"

On Friday, Dec. 26, the telephone operator at the millinery concern heard Al Rocco's voice.

"Tell Olga to start praying," he said, and hung up.

On the following Monday morning, having briefed the Lusk girl thoroughly, and having pointed out the woman, Al turned her loose with a gayly decorated parcel.

She saw the woman approach the building on 39th St. Following instructions, she aimed just below the stomach where, she believed, the jewels reposed in a hidden belt. Then, at close range, she pulled the wire that operated the shutter.

"She never noticed a thing!" Pat exclaimed as she rejoined her handsome employer.

Al took the package and gave it a quick scrutiny. It had not been tampered with. No attempt had been made to see what was inside the holiday wrapping.

"Good girl," he said.

But that evening he told her that something had gone wrong. The film had come out a blank.

"We'll try again in the morning," he told her, using another, larger type of camera—one that was developed by the army. Just follow my instructions, and you can't miss."

At 7:55 the next morning he met her at 14th St. and Third Ave. and handed her a similarly wrapped package, rather larger than the other one. Indeed, this was at least 18 inches long, about eight inches wide, and nearly as high. Al explained that the bulge in the front was the lens hood, and he showed her how to slit the paper in order to obtain a clear picture.

"It works like a gun," he told her. "See at the bottom here—this is the trigger guard, and here is the trigger. It was developed for the use of combat photographers, so they could operate it with one hand."

He gave her an encouraging pat on the shoulder, murmured, "Good luck, kid," and walked away.

Miss Lusk journeyed to Brooklyn and picked up her quarry at the subway station. She sat in the same car, holding the bright package on her lap. The train drew into Times Square station at 9:45.

The morning rush hour had ended, but still there were crowds. It wasn't as though this were a deep forest peopled only by the stalking hunter and her defenseless, so-vulnerable victim.

But it might just as well have been.

The attractive brunette stepped onto the platform and headed briskly for the 40th St. exit. The intent-eyed blonde, hugging her gay package, hurried past her.

A few steps short of the stairway, she leveled the box into position, kneeled to get the proper angle, and squeezed the taped trigger.

Patrolman Joseph Bonistalli heard the blast and dashed to the spot. He saw a woman writhing on the platform, blood gushing from a wound in her left thigh. He saw another woman standing near by, a look of bewilderment on her face. Repeatedly he blew his whistle.

"I was taking her picture," he heard the blonde say, "and somebody walking by shot her."

Bonistalli seized the package and sniffed at the powder-scorched hole.

"He told me it was a camera," she said.

Police held back the crowd. Patrolman Walsh of the 30th St. station hurried to the wounded girl. A spectator was asking her: "Why did this girl shoot you?" Through gritted teeth she replied, "It was my husband."

At Roosevelt Hospital, doctors found a main artery severed and the thigh bone shattered. They said the woman would lose her leg, if not her life.

"I never meant to shoot you!" Pearl Lusk sobbed. "Believe me, I didn't! He told me it was a camera! I thought I was taking your picture!"

Olga Trapani, eyes closed, face contorted with pain, nodded wearily. "I believe you. I'm sure you are not to blame. Just help the police. Help them to find Al Rocco!"

Detectives Henry Strauss and James Neylon took Pearl and the box to the 30th St. station. There they tore the thing open and revealed a sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun wired between two empty cheese boxes. An empty tin bean can had been placed around the muzzle to stimulate a lens hood.

The Lusk girl told her story. She supplied Rocco's last known address, a rooming house on East 17th St. But he had moved away the day before.

On Thursday, Olga's leg was amputated.

On Saturday afternoon, the police learned that Rocco had stolen a car, and had been last seen in Cairo, N. Y., which is in the heart of the Catskill mountains about 100 miles north of New York City.

A posse of state troopers under Inspector Charles La Forge traced the fugitive to the farm home of Roy Lewis, near Gilboa. They waited until nightfall Monday, then closed in, only to learn that Rocco, after holding the family in subjection at gunpoint, had fled 30 minutes before.

Searchlights found the man's trail in the 10-inch blanket of snow. He was on foot, and the officers knew he was carrying two guns.

They followed the trail up the side of a hill. A full moon tinted the trees with silver as they approached the crest. The frigid wind had died down; the crunching of snow under foot was the only sound breaking the mountain stillness.

Suddenly they spotted him, lying in his sleeping bag under a low-branched spruce.

The officers spread in a wide semi-circle. Then

"Come out, Rocco! Come out with your hands high!"

Come out... And then what? Sing Sing? Dannemora? A padded cell at Matteawan? A cage?

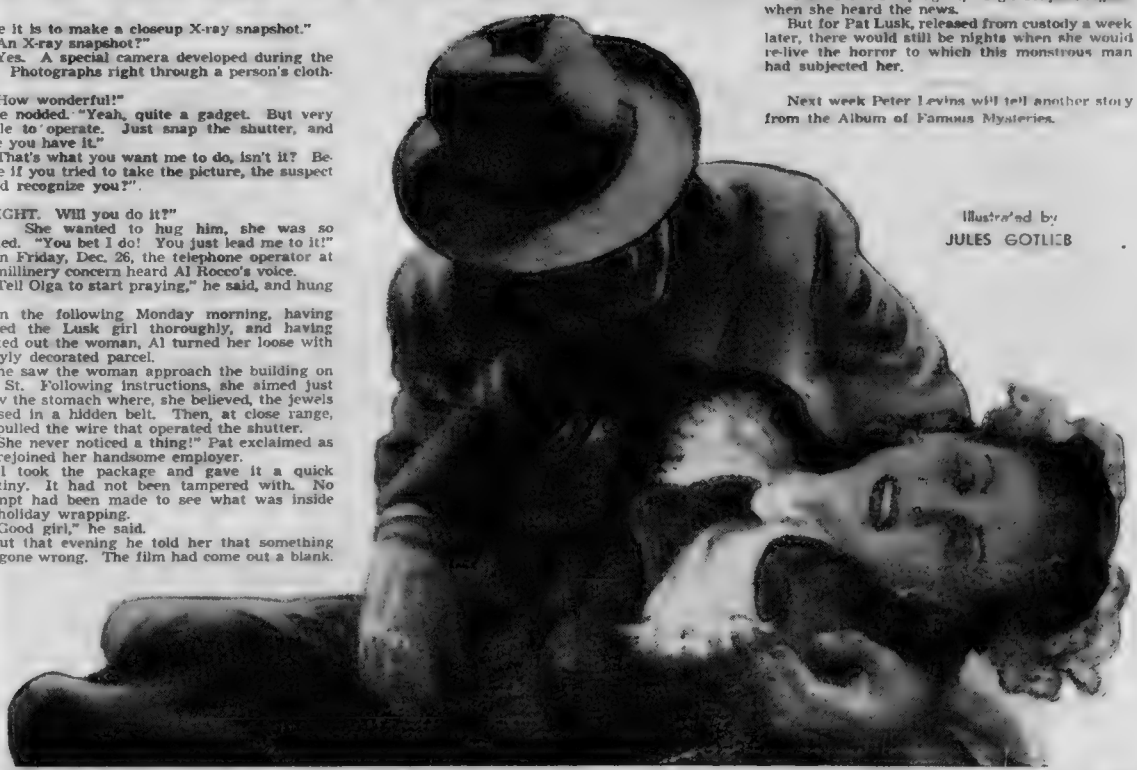
But Al Rocco chose not to come out. Instead he fired four ineffectual shots from his pistol. In return the officers laid down a barrage which was not at all ineffectual. He was found dead with one bullet in the head and another in the body.

"Now I can sleep again," Olga Trapani sighed when she heard the news.

But for Pat Lusk, released from custody a week later, there would still be nights when she would re-live the horror to which this monstrous man had subjected her.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

CAMERA



Illustrated by
JULES GOTLIEB

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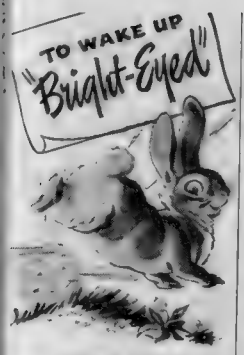

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• Are you suffering from the muscular aches that sometimes come from a cold?

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Johnson's **BACK PLASTER**
FEELS GOOD ON THE BACK

Cranberry Dishes Can Be Colorful as Well as Refreshing. Several of These Recipes Are Given on the Household Almanac Page.

Prisoner of Love

THE sun over Damascus was hot the other day, but no more blazing than scores of feminine hearts when word got around that handsome Samy el Shawa, one of the Arab world's most talented violinists, had been kidnaped.

Cries of pity sounded in both the rich quarters and the poor. All could vision limousines. And a frightened servant had said that a handsome stranger was being held inside.

The law's cohorts charged forward. With drawn guns, they crowded into a living room. And there, on a couch, amid priceless tapestries and thick oriental rugs, sat Samy.

An ebony table loaded

When Damascus Police Discovered the Kidnaped Violinist, They Were Astonished—and Annoyed—to Find He Was Happy Where He Was.

the tragedy probably in progress. They pictured Samy shackled in some dirty hovel, being tortured into writing ransom notes to his bankers and his prosperous friends.

A mighty howl went up from Samy's fans. They put the heat on authorities, and police knew they had to find the victim, dead or alive — but preferably alive and with his fascinating features unspoiled.

Fortunately, several witnesses had seen the abduction. They told the same story. Bedouins had carried out the crime. Tough men of the desert, hooded and carrying long daggers.

Just outside Damascus they had surrounded the olive-skinned maestro and forced him to flee with them. Not on camelback; the traditional ship of the desert had been spurned in favor of a limousine.

Here was a real clue. Damascus doesn't boast too many limousines. Police began checking registration lists.

Soon, by the process of elimination, a formidable contingent of armed officers gathered outside a suburban villa. Its owner possessed one of Syria's finest with sweetmeats, rare fruits and wines stood near his left knee. At his other side was a diaphanously-clad beauty, the wealthy widow who owned the villa.

The woman's eyes blazed hatred at police, but Samy's glance was languid and mildly annoyed.

"So you have found me," he said, "and just as my beautiful abductress was making her most persuasive plea for me to marry her. Now she will have to start over again, of course, when I am in the mood."

"You mean," the head gendarme stammered, "that you are here willingly—that you do not wish to make a complaint."

"How I got here," answered Samy, "is none of your business. And I most certainly do not wish to be unkidnaped. Please leave us."

Some day, since he is a highly paid artist, Samy may be kidnaped by hard-boiled professionals. If and when that day comes, his pretty fans can screech themselves silly.

The police of Damascus probably would not be quite so keen about rushing out again to rescue the dapper heartbreaker.

Electric Monkey Suits

"MOMMY, look at the funny monkeys!" screams the little boy, jumping up and down with excitement. Mommy looks, and, if she isn't in the know, will think she's headed for the barmy-house at last.

Monkeys completely bundled up in thick wool suits with long arms and legs like Junior's winter pajamas. Giraffes snuggling into turtleneck sweaters that out-turtleneck anything ever seen before. Elephants modeling trim "stylish stout" cover-alls — these are what visitors to the London Zoo will see next winter.

These suits are being made, not to give visitors nervous breakdowns, but simply to keep some of the more delicate animals warm. Electrically heated, they are the work of Mr. Eric Taylor, director of a famous Manchester firm which specialized in electrically heated suits for aircraft crews during the war.

Mr. Taylor had the job of measuring the animals for the suits after zoo officials found that hastily improvised coverings saved the lives of many of the jungle-bred creatures during last winter's cold spell.

"The suits have to be tight-fitting, or else the animals tear them off," he said, "and taking accurate measurements of a full-grown chimpanzee is no job for a nervous man."

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( ) Send C.O.D. I will pay $7.98 plus postage.
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MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT SOAP SHAMPOO

Beware of 'Nice' Girls

DR. D. EWER CAMERON, director of Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute of Psychiatry, surprised a lot of people the other day when he advised young men to think twice before they marry "nice" girls.

The Canadian psychiatrist is not what people call a radical thinker or a seeker after publicity. His warning was issued in the course of a serious and scholarly talk to several hundred experts in the field of dietetics and his topic was "The Recognition of Harmful Personalities."

Dr. Cameron was careful to explain his definition of a "nice" girl. It's a girl who does nothing her mother wouldn't want her to do, who is stupidly sweet and charming and who finds life full of situations she never talks about and tries not to think about.

"Such a girl," said the doctor, "is usually the so-called model child grown up. She's unnatural because her personality traits have been clipped and pruned like those grotesque shrubs we see in formal gardens. Her normal feelings of guilt and anxiety have been so manipulated by her parents that she's afraid to deviate from the course they set for her. She usually is incapable of learning new designs."

It is difficult, if not impossible, said the psychiatrist, for such a girl to grow up to be a good wife and mother.

Like her male counterpart—the strong, silent man—she has lost the healthy ability to let off steam to

The Overly "Nice" Girl Is Likely to Become Critical and Hostile of Her Husband and Her Children.

rid herself of the unavoidable irritations, hurts and frustrations of everyday life.

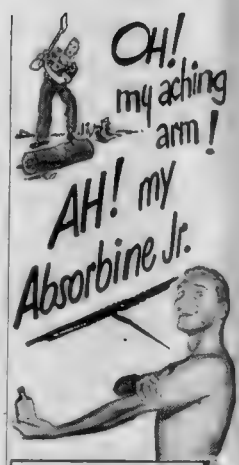
This twists her personality. Her pent-up thoughts and emotions make her jittery and susceptible to nervous breakdowns. Her critical attitude toward people less "nice" than herself makes her hostile—often to her husband and her own children. She is likely to become a carping, griping woman who ruthlessly breaks up the friendships and romances of her children.

In the course of his lecture the Canadian doctor also included the "clinging vine" type of woman among his "harmful personalities."

She seems to have a strong appeal for men who are not too sure of themselves and need to have their egos bolstered by a weak and dependent mate. But it's usually a mistake, says the doctor, to lead such a woman to the altar. She'll always be helpless and childlike and not a very helpful partner in fighting the battles of a tough and troubled world.

Like the "nice" girl, the "clinging vine" is not likely to make a good mother, says the doctor. She may not be ruthless and critical of her children and try to order their lives, but she is apt to be too much of a dependent child herself to think and act like an adult.

The "nice" girl may not shy away from her responsibilities as a parent, but there is a strong chance that she will make a lot of wrong and biased decisions because she is shocked by the actions of people more nearly normal than herself.



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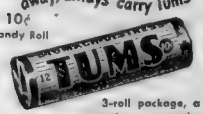

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Teen-Age Tempest

Remedy for Juvenile Delinquency?

By URSULA TROW

TWO years ago the youth of Ferndale, Mich., a community in Detroit's metropolitan area, had the worst juvenile delinquency record in southern Oakland County. Today, Ferndale has cut the number of its juvenile offenders by two-thirds, and its record is improving month by month.

Ferndale authorities used to put the blame on the parents, but they found that the parents were just as baffled as they were. They found, too, that everybody was consulted except the boys and girls.

So, under a steering committee headed by Martin W. Essex, energetic young school superintendent, the parents were lined up in one group and the youngsters in another.

"This is your problem," each group was told. "Talk about it. If parents and children are ever going to get together, this is the only way they'll do it—through their own efforts."

Like colts sniffing the first spring air, 2260 boys and girls from eight school districts in Ferndale, and neighboring Pleasant Ridge took up the problem in discussion groups. And 1490 parents, faced with the pressing need for action, and fired by the zeal of their youngsters, met in 129 homes to do the same.

The outcome was a "Parent-Youth Code" which sets up standards of behavior covering parties, allowances, hours, home duties, automobile use.

Many of the youngsters made more conservative recommendations than their parents. When parents deemed 10 o'clock a proper bedtime hour for a certain age group, the children of that age recommended 9 or 9:30. As important people they wanted to be fair.

It was lack of that feeling of importance, Essex believes, that led them toward a rebellious attitude. When they discovered they could gain the respectful attention of adults, they became responsible citizens.

When the Town's Boys and Girls Found They Could Get the Respectful Attention of Adults, They Became Responsible Citizens.

One 15-year-old boy who had liberal use of the family car and excess spending money, who kept late hours, was rebellious in school and often a truant, discovered he had qualities of leadership when the discussions started. He became a reform advocate.

Both parents and children came to the conclusion that truancy is a major cause of juvenile delinquency. They agreed the parent should notify the school the day before, or during, absence.

With school co-operation, children who had the worst tardiness records were put in charge of daily attendance reports.

Glorying in their new responsibility, they got to school early.

Vandalism, drinking, swearing and morals were discussed by both parents and youngsters, and solutions were put in the code.

Essex believes that Ferndale is a better place to live in because the youngsters of the town were allowed to convince themselves of what is right and what is wrong.

Ferndale's Parent-Youth Code

Among the provisions of the Ferndale Parent-Youth Code are the following:

Parents should know where children are and set a definite hour for them to return home.

Chaperoned parties are desirable. Seventh and eighth graders should have social events only on week ends from 7 to 10:30 p. m. Ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth graders, until 11:30 to midnight.

Parents should teach children respect for private and public property, and the rights of others.

An allowance is essential to develop confidence and responsibility but should not permit extravagance.

Children should have home duties that are performed without consideration of pay.

Profanity should be discouraged, and never used in the home. Absolutely no drinking.

The home should encourage church attendance.

Seventh and eighth graders should not drive cars. Older children should drive them only on special occasions.

School should be notified in advance of or during a child's absence.

Parents should encourage children's hobbies.

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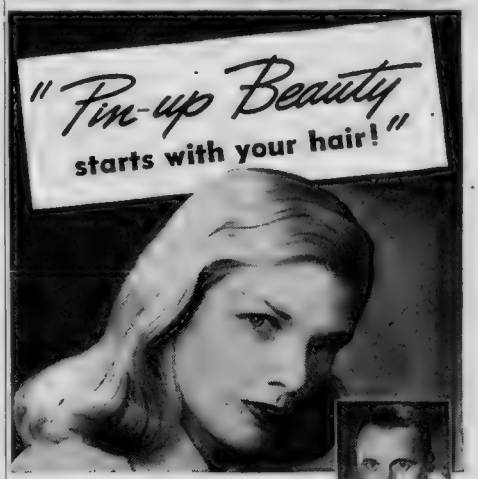

—says Walter Thornton
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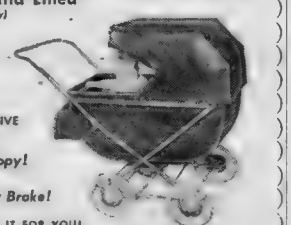

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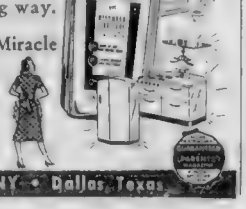

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Letters to the Editor

TO EASE my mind, would you please tell me whether the girl on your July 27 cover is a real person or the artist's conception of feminine loveliness. I find it hard to believe that any girl can be so beautiful.

Robert John,
Lakewood, Ohio.

(English Artist David Wright, who painted this cover, used a model for the portrait reproduced below, but may have glorified her

somewhat with his own imagination and skill.—Ed.)

* * *

I have read several of your "My Faith" articles, and find them very illuminating. As a Sunday School teacher (Lutheran) of many years, I have observed that many of our young people are coming to be scoffers at religion.

With this in mind, I think it might be of real value to have a set of "My Faith" articles on hand as a permanent part of our church library. As a matter of fact, I have produced some of the salient features of the articles before my class to show that truly great men do believe in God.

If these articles will lead some one into the right channels of thought, they will not have been in vain.

Clarence F. Miller,
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Teacher Miller has been sent a "My Faith" booklet Ed.)

* * *

I greatly enjoyed the letter from Mrs. Maxine Troutman about how she has found so many uses for discarded cotton sacks. I have lived in Montana for 53 years, and have used those cotton sacks for so many things I expect I have forgotten most of them.

I have made men's and women's clothes, sheets, pillow cases, cupboard linings, and even appliqued a quilt. Tableclothes, towels, curtains . . . the possibilities are almost endless.

I expect we early settlers would have had a harder time making ends meet if we hadn't had the cotton sacks and tin coal oil cans to use. The cans had as many uses as the sacks.

Here's to the good old days in Montana

Mrs. Thomas Salveson,
Herdia, Mont.

* * *

I was glad to see Dean Cornwell's fine article recently on "The Decadence of Modern Art." Coming from an artist of such eminence, it should carry great weight and prove a step in the direction of awakening us to the horrible and hideous monstrosities masquerading under the guise of "Art."

You might well follow that article by others along the same line.

David Marcus,
New York, N. Y.

* * *

I would like to know why you stopped Peter Levins' stories, which I enjoyed so much.

Glenn W. Moore,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Peter Levins' series of stories, "The American Weekly Album of Famous Mysteries," were recently interrupted so he could collaborate with staff writer Jack Stone in writing the story of Patricia Schmidt—"The Yacht Tragedy"—which appeared in place of his usual work.—Ed.)

* * *

I thought your recent story, "God Is My Partner," about the man who gives one-tenth of his profits to God, was inspirational. Particularly so, inasmuch as your publication reaches so many readers.

Henry G. Herrell
Washington, D. C.

* * *

I greatly enjoyed your article "She Remembered Two Men" because Mary Rockwell's grandmother, May Wheeler, was a first cousin of my mother... When I learned that this branch of the family had been omitted from the Wheeler genealogy I began accumulating information about the descendants of Moses Wheeler, who was May Wheeler's grandfather. I would like permission to use the material you printed in a genealogy which will be distributed among members of the Wheeler family.

George P. Nevitt,
Oshkosh, Wis.

(Permission gladly granted.—Ed.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

The Story of the Staggs

THERE was a time, back in 1892, when Amos Alonzo Stagg's passion for football irked young Miss Stella Robertson. But this year finds the Grand Old Man of the gridiron entering his 55th coaching season, and his favorite staff assistant is that self-same Stella Robertson—Mrs. Stagg for the past 53 years.

It was not until her children were grown that Stella found time for the game which is her husband's life blood. Today, however, she frequently scouts enemy tactics for her husband, and her reports pack plenty of authority. Don't miss "Teammates—Mr. and Mrs. Amos Alonzo Stagg" in next week's American Weekly.

FOR John Dillinger, a mysterious "Woman in Red" was the end of the trail. Her furtive tip to the FBI snuffed out his vicious career.

The "Woman in Red"—her name was Anna Sage—died recently in Rumania, but it will be a long time before people forget the part she played in the life and death of one of this country's most notorious criminals.

Peter Levins' three-part story, "Dillinger and the Woman in Red," begins in next week's magazine

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Makes you look years younger

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Use to condition and groom your hair. Watch your gray, streaked, dull hair grow darker. Unless satisfied that you look younger and your hair is in better condition you get your money back! At Drug Stores or sen $1.25 to Herbold Laboratory, Hollywood 46, Cali

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America's Earliest Thanksgiving ...Was For Corn

With joyous chants and throbbing tom-toms, the Indians celebrated each bountiful harvest of maize. How the red man would marvel to see the part his native grain plays in the nutrition and industrial prosperity of modern America!

Corn is transformed into millions of pounds of sizzling steaks, chops, roasts, savory hams, fried chicken, succulent roast goose and duck. Fresh, buttery ears grace our tables in season. Frozen and canned corn add a variety of delicious dishes for gracious living.

Yes, corn has raised our standard of living greatly—and so has its neighbor, barley. For, from America's costliest barley comes Budweiser to add its distinctive, delicious taste to the fine flavors that make such a world of difference between merely eating and really dining.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
SAINT LOUIS

Men usually like Pie. Here's a ... blend that will make them ...

PRUNE PIE MAJESTIC

2 cups cooked SUNSWEET Tenderized Prunes
2 cups sliced bananas
½ cup strained honey
¼ cup butter
½ teaspoon lemon extract
Baked pastry shell (9 inch)
Meringue (basic 3 egg whites)

Pit the prunes and cut them into small pieces. Cream honey and butter until thick and smooth. Add prunes, bananas, lemon extract, and mix thoroughly. Pour into baked pastry shell, cover with meringue, and bake 10 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.)

• • •

Some day when you're running your oven, tuck in a dish of prunes to bake. Rinse SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes in cold water, place in a casserole, cover with water, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of granulated sugar, and top with 2 center slices of orange or lemon (rind and all) and about 3 inches of stick cinnamon. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Cool without removing the cover. Delicious!

• • •

SUNSWEET Prunes are one of California's finest fruit treats. Tree-ripened for heavy fruity goodness. "Tenderized" for quick cooking, sealed in foil for flavor protection, packed and guaranteed by the growers themselves.

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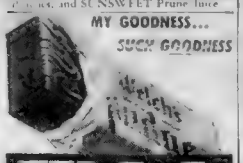

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CUTICURA

Want New Ideas for "Lively Rooms"? Read Doris Denison's Column, "Revive It With Paint."

Household Almanac

Amy Alden

WHETHER they are fresh, or jellied in cans, cranberries provide a colorful and refreshing compliment to any meal. Here are ways to use them that you are sure to enjoy.

Decorate your chicken platter with taffies. They are a luscious combination of brown sugar, pineapple and cranberry jelly slices. The jelly becomes all brown and bubbly under the broiler but will not melt. Another unusual addition to the chicken or turkey dish are the yam puffs. The versatile yam needs chopped fresh cranberries to provide the spicy taste in the puffs.

A fragrant pudding using fresh cranberries will come out of your pressure cooker in the short space of an hour. Serve it with cinnamon sauce spooned over it.

If you prefer a lighter dessert, the cranberry chiffon pie made with the jellied sauce is as good to eat as it is to look at. And for a slice of cake to serve with it try the cranberry cake ring with its walnut studded frosting.

Chicken Salad in a Jellied Cranberry Ring Complement Each Other With Taste and Color.

IT'S TIME *for* CRANBERRIES

Cranberry Pineapple Taffies

Cut jellied cranberry sauce in fancy shapes. Place on drained canned pineapple slices, sprinkle with brown sugar, and broil until pineapple edges are brown and sauce is bubbly. (Sauce will not melt.) May be pan browned, too; melt 2 tbsps. butter or margarine in skillet. Add ¼ cup brown sugar. Brown pineapple slices. Place cranberry slices in skillet. And turn until coated with taffy mixture.

Cranberry Salad Ring

1 tbsp. plain gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup hot water
1 can jellied cranberry sauce
¼ tsp. salt

Soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Pour over cranberry sauce in a bowl. Add salt and beat with a rotary beater until smooth. Turn into ring mold that has been rinsed out in cold water, chill. When firm, unmold onto bed of lettuce. Fill center with well-seasoned chicken salad.

Cranberry Yam Puffs

4 medium-size yams or sweet potatoes
½ cup fresh cranberries, chopped
½ cup drained crushed pineapple
¼ cup chopped, salted peanuts
4 tbsps. butter
Salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste

Cook yams about 20 min. or until tender; peel and mash with fork. Add chopped cranberries, drained pineapple, nuts and butter; mix thoroughly and season to taste. If mixture seems too dry, beat in 1 egg or ¼ cup evaporated milk. Spoon mixture into 6 well-greased custard cups and dot top with butter. Bake in oven (400° F.) 45 minutes or until set. Loosen with spatula and arrange around chicken. Makes 6 servings.

Chicken Casserole

3 cups cooked chicken, large pieces
2 cups stale bread crumbs, firmly packed
¾ cup cooked rice
1½ tbsps. minced parsley
1½ tbsps. minced pimento
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1½ cups chicken stock

Combine first five ingredients. Add salt and pepper to eggs; pour over chicken mixture and stir gently. Add hot chicken broth slowly, stirring constantly. Pour into greased baking pan 8"x8"x2". Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 40 min. or until firm in center. Serve with cranberry taffies.

Cranberry Pressure-Steamed Pudding

1 cup fresh cranberries, chopped
1 apple, peeled, cored and grated
½ cup chopped, cooked prunes
½ cup molasses
½ cup sugar
¼ cup melted shortening
1 cup flour
2 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. ground cloves

Mix fruit, molasses, sugar and shortening. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture; mix until well blended. Pour batter into a greased 1-lb. coffee can; cover with can lid. Place can in pressure cooker with 1 cup hot water. Cover; cook at 10 pounds pressure for 1 hour. Serve hot in slices or wedges with sauce.

Cranberry Chiffon Pie

1 baked 9" pie shell
1 tbsp. plain gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup sugar
⅛ tsp. salt
1 can jellied cranberry sauce
2 egg whites
¼ cup granulated sugar
½ cup cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in water 5 min. Mix lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar and salt. Beat cranberry sauce with a fork and combine with the lemon juice mixture. Heat to the boiling point and add gelatin, stirring till dissolved. Cool, place in refrigerator until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites until they stand in peaks, slowly adding ¼ cup sugar while beating. Fold meringue and whipped cream into the cranberry mixture and pour into shell. Chill until firm.

Cranberry Cinnamon Sauce

2 cups fresh cranberries
1 cup water
1¼ cups sugar
½ cup orange juice
2 tbsps. cornstarch
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
Pinch salt

Combine fresh cranberries, water and sugar in saucepan; bring to boil and cook 5 minutes, or until all the cranberries pop open. Mix cornstarch with a little cold water and stir into hot mixture, together with orange juice. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and blend in remaining ingredients. Serve hot or cold. Makes 3 cups.

Cranberry Cake Ring

½ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
1 can jellied cranberry sauce, crushed
2 cups sifted flour
2 tsps. soda
½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. cloves

Cream together shortening and sugar; add egg. Add vanilla and cranberry sauce, beat until well blended. Add dry ingredients, which have been sifted together several times. Turn into greased 9" tube pan and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 1 hour. Frost with confectioners' sugar icing.

Icing—Cream 2 tbsps. butter and gradually add 1 cup confectioners' sugar. Stir in about 1½ tbsps. milk. More milk may be added if needed. Spoon over cake top so that icing will run over sides. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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- (63) Candy Recipes
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- (69) Let's Eat Fish
- (70) Casserole Recipes
- (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
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- (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
- (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
- (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
- (79) New Cakes
- (80) Desserts and Sweets
- (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
- (82) Pies and Pastries
- (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
- (84) Meat for Family Meals
- (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- (86) Delicious Vegetables
- (87) New Vegetable Recipes
- (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
- (89) Popular Salad Recipes
- (90) Salads and Dressings
- (91) Almanac Cookies
- (92) New Cookies
- (98) Children's Party Recipes
- (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
- (100) Buffet Party Dishes
- (101) Luncheon Fillers
- (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

TWO ways to make a waffle wonderful!

1st way

Parkay recipe for Bacon Waffles

Bacon Waffle batter

Cut each slice of bacon in half, and broil until half done. Place each half-slice of bacon in a quarter section of the pre-heated waffle iron. Cook for one minute, or until the bacon has taken the shape of the grill. Pour waffle batter on top of the bacon and bake as usual.

When the waffle is done "to a turn," flip it over bacon-side-up . . . and make way for the crowning touch!

2nd way

Serve with delicious, flavor-fresh PARKAY

You couldn't *ask* for a more wonderful spread for these wonderful waffles . . . and for bread, rolls and muffins, too! Parkay Margarine's fresh, delicate flavor has made it the *first-choice* spread in millions of homes. Quality products of American farms are used exclusively in Parkay . . . and for added goodness, Kraft blends 15,000 (U. S. P. XII) units of important vitamin A into every pound.

Parkay is pure white when you buy it. To make it an appetizing yellow, simply add the certified coloring you get with each package. KRAFT FOODS COMPANY, Chicago 90, Illinois.

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Be A Beauty

A MODEL BEFORE AND AFTER "PADDY"

By JINX FALKENBURG

Jinx Falkenburg McCrery Recently Became the Proud Mother of John Reagan McCrery, III, Better Known as "Paddy." A Week Later She Was Out and About Her Business as Cover Girl, Movie and Radio Star, Slim and Lovely as Before. Here's How She Did It.

THERE'S nothing so difficult about regaining your figure after childbirth. In my opinion, most post-natal rehabilitation is mental. You can't sit around lazily and say, "Well, I've had my baby, everybody knows I've had it and should make allowances, so now I can sit back and relax. Also, I can have some of that candy I missed out on while on my pre-natal diet."

If you give in to that urge you're a goner.

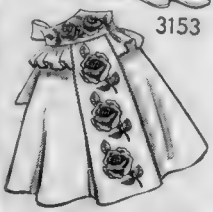
Exercise is important for regaining the figure. Do the exercises your doctor gives you, faithfully—with no cheating.

I did a lot of walking and knee-bending. Naturally, my exercises, while they worked for me, may not be right for anyone else. Your doctor knows you best, so he is the one to prescribe your post-natal exercises.

I did not indulge a craving for sweets, but since I've cultivated a genuine liking for salads, vegetables and lean meat, none of this came as a hardship.

But even if it had come hard, I would have done it anyway, because the results were well worth it. I had my weight back to normal in eight days, and my waist and other measurements in two weeks.

Quick and Easy



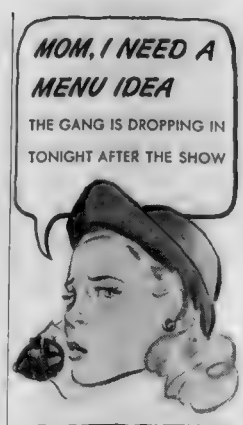
3888—Girl's swingy frock with detachable peplum! It's so grown up. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10, 2¾ yards 39 inch fabric and ¼ yard contrast.

3154—These crocheted pinwheel medallions make lovely chair set, sofa set and scarf ends. Pattern has crochet directions.

3153—Each one of these lovely aprons is made from just ONE yard of fabric. Pattern has transfer of embroidery motifs and cutting chart. Makes an ideal gift.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 366, Station F, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.



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This is just one of scores of ways of serving these famous brands of **quality** tuna... **hot or cold.** So, always try to keep a supply on hand, both for regular use and for those times when friends drop in unexpectedly!

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Terminal Island, California

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WHEN GRAY HAIR STARTS

DO THIS! Take these easy steps to recapture **youthful-looking hair.** 1. First test **Mary T. Goldman's** on a single lock of hair—see how this amazing gray-hair coloring cosmetic works. 2. **Then simply comb Mary T. Goldman's through your hair according to directions.** It's that simple! You'll see a change that delights you. **Hair looks young again!** No wonder thousands of women use Mary T. Goldman's to banish gray hair worries! Warning: accept no substitutes.

Get Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Coloring Preparation at your drug or department store. Use it today on **Money Back Guarantee.** Or send coupon now for FREE TRIAL kit!

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OUCH! My Feet

By Sally Young

PRETTY shoes are one thing of which all women are in favor. Their enthusiasm wanes somewhat, though, if their daily routine demands a lot of walking or standing. Foot doctors have long told us to fit the shoe to our needs. What good it has done, you can judge for yourself. Around here girls still prefer a leather sole with just something on top to hold it on. O.K. if you're happy!

Not being ostriches, the podiatrists have faced the facts and come up with some foot-health Dos and Don'ts. Such as:

Don't have "stenographer's stance," the habit of hooking feet in back of chair legs. It's bad! Shortens calf muscles and distorts arch structure. Do keep feet squarely in front of you.

For salesgirls and other standees, here's one: Don't stand in one spot too long. Do keep feet in motion. Reason: Blood has to travel a long way from heart to feet. Standing makes heart work harder, veins overstretch, ankles swell. Foot action helps pump the blood.

Don't wear tight circular garters. Constricts veins and impedes circulation.

When you get home at night, take off your shoes and relax your muscles like this:

1. Toe Curl. Bend toes under several times, stretching legs as you do so. Good for strengthening muscles that support the metatarsal structure.

2. Toe Wiggle. Grasp the big toe and rotate it—round this way and that way. Good for high-heel cramps.

3. Foot Flex. Sit on edge of bed or chair, extend legs and flex feet up and down, knees straight. Helps stretch calf muscles which have been shortened by high-heeled shoes.

4. Toe Spray. With a little hand shower, spray your feet three minutes with hot water, one minute with cold. Keep alternating for ten minutes. Stimulates circulation.

5. Sole Roll. Stand barefoot, feet six inches apart. Roll the feet outward 20 to 30 times so body weight is supported on outer edges of feet. Good for arch, ankle and calf.

A Word on Fashion

With the rebirth of the low hemline, and a tendency for the style-wise to seek narrow, tapering footwear, women must be careful, the Podiatry Society warns.

Back in the 1920s, when long, narrow pointed shoes were in vogue, a foot specialist named Dr. Morton discovered that wearing shoes with soles narrower than those of the feet gave rise to a special form of neuralgia. Cramping the foot caused the heads of the metatarsal bones to come together, pinching and inflaming the nerve running between the fourth and fifth toes. Result: many women suffered constant foot cramp, others needed arch supports and extensive treatment by podiatrists. The ailment got to be known as "Morton's Neuralgia."

If such shoes again become the accepted foot gear for today's women, watch out, or Dr. Morton will get you!

A good fit in an all-leather shoe, states the Podiatry Society, is the first step on the road to good walking, good posture and good health.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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☐ (1) Skin Care
☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
☐ (7) Hand Care
☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
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Not a shadow of a doubt—

You're poised, self-assured, because you *know* no telltale outlines show when you choose Kotex. The special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines...keep your secret safe. It's the napkin made to *stay soft* while you wear it! Just two of many important Kotex features, all *very personally* yours.

more women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow . . . adjustable . . . all-elastic. Fits snugly . . . lets you bend without binding.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

After 25 Beware of DRY SKIN

Act promptly to arrest it—with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and supple gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil that skin needs.

Replacement help from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, is right at your fingertips—with Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give *special* softening aid: rich in lanolin; homogenized—to soak in better; a special emulsifier.

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Lanolin-Soften by Night—Work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all* night.

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Serve HOT Tonight!

REVIVE IT WITH PAINT

By Doris Denison

LOOK around your house. How many "eyesores" do you find? A scarred kitchen chair? Paint peeling off a radiator? Woodwork, window sills, or doors in need of attention?

The axiom that a little paint can work wonders is pretty threadbare, but it is still as true as ever. Save all odds and ends of paint left over from redecorating walls, ceilings, floors, or furniture, and use them often for touching up the places that get lots of wear.

The Right Paint

ALL kinds of new paints have been developed for particular purposes. Take advantage of this progress by buying the right paint for your job. Do you know that you can get special paints to use on cement, brick, stucco, metal and linoleum?

Surface Preparation

NO paint job is going to look well and last a long time if the surface has not been properly prepared.

Dust a new, unpainted surface thoroughly and sand down any rough places. Then apply a coat of priming paint to seal the pores of the wood. When this is dry, fill any nail holes or abrasions with putty and smooth off with a knife. Let this dry, and apply final coat. The prime coat may be ready-mixed paint which has been properly thinned; shellac thinned with denatured alcohol, or a specially purchased primer.

If you wish to paint over an old surface which already has several coats of paint on it, be sure that every bit of the surface is smooth, clean and dry. Remove dust, soot, grease, or wax with a reliable cleaner. It may be necessary to remove cracked or peeling paint with a wire brush. Smooth with sandpaper and apply prime coat and finishing coat.

It is not difficult to apply enamel over flat paint, but flat paint does not adhere to a glossy enamelled or varnished surface. In a case like this, the surface should be washed first with strong soap and water and lightly sanded before the prime coat is applied.

Painting Tips

WHEN painting a chair, turn it upside down on a worktable and do the hard-to-get-at parts first.

Use an interior surfacing compound or patching plaster on cracked or scarred walls.

Cut a hollow rubber ball in half, punch a hole through the center of one of the pieces and slip it over paint brush handle to catch drippings.

Paint which is too thick should be thinned with the thinner recommended on the paint can.

Two thin coats of paint cover better than one heavy one.

Care of Brushes

A GOOD brush is essential for a good paint job, and with proper care will last a long time.

Clean your brush in turpentine or a prepared brush cleaner immediately after using it. Then wash it in soap and water, shake well, and wrap in paper. Store your brushes flat—never standing up or the weight will curve the ends of the bristles.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 332, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
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- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
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food tips
AND OTHER TIMELY HINTS
BY Betty Crocker

Minneapolis—Nov. 7. Your letters tell us you're always eager for tempting menus, new recipes. In this advertising food column are November suggestions from our food staff at General Mills.

Let your oven do the work!

. . . while you lengthen a dress or work on Christmas gifts. These busy days you'll be glad to tuck a hearty oven dinner snugly away in your trusty range, knowing it will be piping hot and ready to serve at meal time. Just watch your family enjoy this menu, too!

Spicy Vegetable Meat Loaf
Escalloped Potatoes
Red and White Cabbage Salad
Apple Loaf
Baked Pears *Cookies*
Milk *Tea*

SPICY VEGETABLE MEAT LOAF: Unusually savory, with its spicy aroma and flavor of garden vegetables. Made with our Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients—a wonderful stretcher for expensive meat. Do try this easy recipe and see how delicious!

Beat 1 egg. Add 1¼ cups water, 1 lb. very lean ground beef, ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 pkg. "Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients." Mix thoroughly. Place in greased bread pan 5x10x3-in. Bake about 1½ hours in moderate oven (350°). Drain off excess fat at end of first hour. If necessary, increase temperature to brown top. Serves eight.

By the way, have you tried our Vegetable Noodle Soup lately? It's richer-tasting than ever. Meat flavor has been added to its tempting golden broth, 7 garden vegetables and creamy egg noodles.

These frosty days, why not serve this fragrant hot soup often? So easy! Just add "Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients" and a little butter to boiling water. Simmer and serve. Thrifty, too. 4 to 6 delicious bowlfuls from each package.

APPLE FESTIVAL RECIPE

Mellow Apple Loaf— Grand for lunchbox or afternoon tea. Slices better second or third day. A butter-saver, too. Delicious with cream cheese, peanut or apple butter. This recipe tested again and again by our General Mills food staff. We also test Gold Medal Enriched Flour regularly. You'll want to take advantage of these two aids to baking success.

Mix together thoroughly	½ cup soft shortening
	⅔ cup brown sugar (packed in cup)
	2 eggs
Stir in	1 cup thick applesauce (sweetened or unsweetened)
Sift together; stir in	2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour
	1 tsp. double-action baking powder
	1 tsp. soda
	½ tsp. salt
then	½ cup chopped nuts

Pour into greased bread pan, 5x10x3-in. Bake 50 to 55 minutes in moderate oven (350°).

• • •

Red and White Cabbage Salad: *Crisp, cold. A refreshing contrast with an oven dinner. Toss together equal parts shredded red and white cabbage with your favorite boiled or sour cream dressing. Add celery seed or slivers of green pepper.*

For easier, isn't it, for dad and the children to cope with cold weather when they're fortified by a substantial breakfast? Here's a tempting menu: Cranberry Juice, Kix with top milk, Griddle Cakes with Sausage Patties, Coffee or Milk.

Have you tried Kix? I know you'll enjoy these golden puffs of pre-sweetened corn. So crunchy and crisp! And Kix *stays* crisp in milk or cream. So nourishing for your family, too. Provides food energy, proteins, important B vitamins and iron. And ready-to-eat. Why not put Kix on your breakfast menu *often?*

• • •

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Betty Crocker of General Mills

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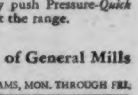

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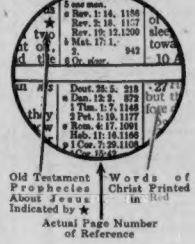

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